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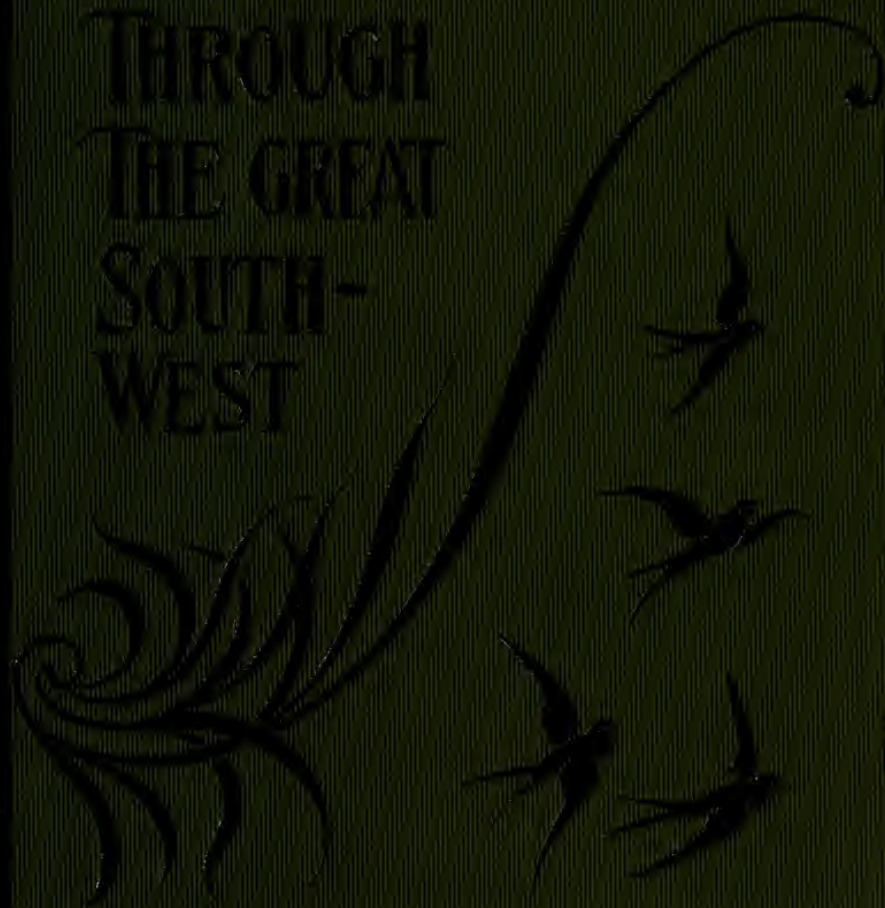
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LITTLE JOURNEY
THROUGH
THE GREAT
SOUTH-
WEST





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A WESTERN COW BOY

A LITTLE JOURNEY

THROUGH

The Great Southwest

For Home and School, and
Upper Grades

BY

FELIX J. KOCH, A. B.

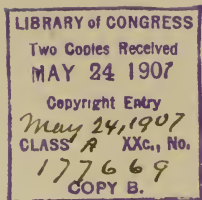
(MEMBER AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY)

Author of "A Little Journey to the Balkans," "Little
Journey to Austro-Hungary," etc.

CHICAGO

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A Little Journey Through the Southwest

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO LOS ANGELES

NOW that so many American boys and girls are yearning to make a trip across the length or breadth of their own country, due to a growing sentiment among those who travel, which has for its motto, "See America First," the number of young people who would like first of all to see the great Southwest probably equals that of those who would go first to New England, following our other LITTLE JOURNEY.

Down in the Southwest, the Indian still lives, in places, in his primitive staté. There, too, is the wily Mexican, or Spaniard, as he is called, and there, too, we shall find the Chinaman and the Jap, though these are more numerous in the extreme West. Then, too, all the wild life of the plains is to be seen on this LITTLE JOURNEY, and the very path of the railway is ever through scenes that teem with historical legend.

Everything west of the Mississippi and south of a line drawn, say, east and west through San Francisco, may be termed the Southwest.

QUAINT CORNERS OF NEW ORLEANS

IN ORDER that we may have some idea of the magnitude of the distances in the Southwest and West, and

also that we may appreciate the variety of life and of culture in the region, we will do well to begin our LITTLE JOURNEY at New Orleans. And we should start on our trip as soon after the New Year as possible, thus receiving the benefit of the mild climate of that season.

New Orleans is perhaps more familiar by name to us



CREOLE QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS

than is any southern city. Being at the mouth of the Mississippi, according to the popular geographies, we have been accustomed to refer to it when tracing that stream on our maps. Then, too, with cotton and cane, the Louisiana Purchase, and a dozen similar, oft-mentioned matters, old Orleans ("Or-luns," they say down there) has been brought to mind.

New Orleans is quite a city of conventions, and when the great cotton congresses of January meet, we had best prepare in advance and reserve our rooms. If not, we may have an opportunity to try some lodgings that are queer for an American city. Coming into the "Crescent City" at half-past ten, we will find all the large hotels crowded. Cabbies will drive us about from place to place, until finally, in disgust, we let the driver take us where he will. This means, perhaps, to some ratty lodging-house, with mere thin partitions for walls, the furniture consisting, probably, of only a cheap iron bed and a basin. This will be just the first of the many queer places in which we are to lodge on our **LITTLE JOURNEY.**

When morning comes we are only too ready to leave the place. So miserable was it, that we are surprised to find it is just round the corner from Canal St., one of the famous streets of the world. Canal St., in New Orleans, and Market St., in San Francisco, are among the famous thoroughfares we will have to visit.

Already we seem to feel we are in a different part of the country.

CREOLE LAND AND THE FRENCH QUARTER

NARROW little streets, their asphalt rotted by the perpetual damp which is the great menace of New Orleans, open off to right and left. Houses, all of which are old, fringe these, and add to the air of antiquity by projecting balconies which adorn every one of them, often extending into iron galleries, such as we found in Bulgaria.* Many of these balconies have very orna-

*See "A Little Journey to the Balkans"

mental iron railings and on almost all of them there will be potted plants. Most of these balconies are held in position by iron bars placed along the curb, so that the sidewalks remain in perpetual shadow from the overhanging porch.

We are here often reminded of old Paris,† for this is the famous French section of the city—tenanted even now by descendants of the old French and Spanish settlers. These people are usually very dark-skinned, so much so as to be mistaken frequently for colored people, and are known as Creoles (Kray-oll-s). They keep to themselves and, as we shall find, have little to do with strangers outside of purely business matters.

In the dilapidated buildings of the French quarter, there are elegant modern stores. Flower-sellers frequently have places outside these, for the Latin peoples are very fond of flowers. Then, too, as we are in the proper season for the trip, i. e., early in January, we shall see many windows offering wares for the Mardi Gras, the great annual fete and masque of this city.

Walking down Royal St., in the heart of the French quarter, we see everywhere scenes typical of Creole life and of the South. Negresses, in dirty white bandanas, folded as only a plantation darkey knows how to fold, stand about on the corners. Oysters are piled everywhere in tall, tapering baskets, for no city in the world, not even Baltimore, is as fond of oysters as is New Orleans. We pass French ladies with their bonnets tied under the chin by heavy velvet bands in the old French fashion, or we may see a gentleman with a

† "A Little Journey to France."

mustache and imperial in the style of Napoleon III. Cafes, with restaurant and billiard apartments are here, and one enters them by way of a sort of lobby, in which bootblacks are invariably stationed. Inside, the men sit long over their coffee, reading the newspapers, as they do in the cafes of Europe.

If we continue our ramble, we may chance on a pair of negro nuns, sisters of a local order, out upon an errand. Chestnut venders, too, will stop us, and ask us to buy from their polished urns. Fruit-stands are numerous, close up against the house walls, exposing strawberries, dates, oranges, apples, and pears, as well as grapes, pineapples, and bananas, on this balmy January day.

On street-doors we note everywhere a card on which the words "open" or "shut" are printed. This is done because the office is frequently so far in the rear of the building, that one could not tell whether business were in progress or not.

By and by we are among the antique shops for which New Orleans is famous. Shortly after the Civil War, when so many of the great Southern families found themselves impoverished, collectors went from plantation to plantation, buying up the heavy, antique furniture; the art treasures, many of which had come from France, and the like. These command a good price. Not all of them, however, found sale, and so have gone from curio-dealer to curio-dealer, and then on to the antique shops which are veritable museums, especially of samples of artistic workmanship from France.

To enumerate everything we see of interest in these

shops would be impossible. Just a few of the most unique can be jotted down. A medallion in the form of a peacock, of solid gold; a genuine Rose du Barry vase, against the imitation of which Louis XV. issued a royal decree; queer watches, running twenty days at a winding; swords and muskets, and other family heirlooms are here. Especially noteworthy, however, is a watch given by Napoleon to Marshal Ney, and by him in turn willed to his son, Joseph, who brought it to New Orleans. This timepiece plays a French march every hour, and furthermore, on pressing a spring, the owner can have it strike the time in the dark.

From the curio stores we will ramble down a quiet French lane of cobble-stones to the Chartres St. district, which is interesting for its innumerable bird and animal stores. Down on the great Southern plantations the ladies are exceptionally fond of pet birds, principally parrots, canaries or mocking-birds, and likewise of pet dogs. So there is square on square of New Orleans given over to their sale.

One of the attendants tells us some interesting things in regard to these. Parrots, for example, he says, are no longer caught in the Tropics for sale, but are hatched in captivity, as they then become better talkers. The wild birds, the parents of these, are usually satisfied with cage-life, only they will not talk. Hence, for the genuine Mexican bird, the prices are lower than for our American, home-bred species. In the New Orleans stores they do not try to teach the birds to speak, as this is next to impossible where there are so many about—but leave it to the buyer. They are, however,

always certain as to the speech-capacity in a given bird, there being certain signs, understood only by the expert, to give this secret away.

About canaries, too, we learn interesting facts. These birds are brought here from Germany, and come in great willow cages, a thousand birds to the lot. Think of the bottled-up concerts that such a piece of freight contains!

As we go on through the heart of New Orleans, we will see other fads and fancies of the South. There will be hawkers of baby alligators, which are taken from the swamps in nets, being usually found in litters of as many as twenty-five. These are sold as pets at fifty cents apiece. In the summer their owners feed them raw meat, once a week; in the winter season they sleep, and need no nourishment.

Then, too, we will perhaps purchase some of the little waxen Mexican figures of New Orleans characters that are to be found in every Southern home. Nor are these cheap—not even a small specimen of a darkey cotton-picker is obtainable for less than a dollar.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

WE LIKE to linger in New Orleans because we get here the spirit of the life of all that part of our great Southwest and South lying east of the Pecos River. It is so different from what we shall find beyond that it repays us to study it carefully.

Down among the French signs and the Creole shopkeepers, there is the old Hotel St. Louis, a four-story, dilapidated structure, the hiding-place of bats and thieves. When this place was built, in 1841, it was

famous the world over, having cost over a million dollars. Here the mystic carnival balls were held, and here, too, in a gloomy corner, the stranger is still shown the block upon which slaves were sold—as Mrs. Stowe describes in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Almost across the way from here is a house built for the express purpose of becoming the American home of Napoleon. In 1821, we recall, a plot was formed by the French of this city to rescue the Emperor from St. Helena, and a fast schooner, the *Seraphine* (Say-rah-feen) was manned and set out. On reaching the mouth of the Mississippi, however, this steamer turned back, for an incoming ship brought the news of the Emperor’s death. Aside from the queer watch-tower and the arched arcades about the interior court, it is a commonplace building, housing to-day a grocery and saloon.

It is but a short step now out of the French into the Spanish section of New Orleans, and the *Cabildo* (Ka-bill-dough) or main square. This is a great flat park of palms containing the statue of General Jackson on horseback, pictures of which one sees in all the school-books. On this plaza faces the deeply-colonnaded *Cabildo* building, where the formal transfer of the province of Louisiana from France to the United States occurred on December 20, 1803. In it the French and the Spanish governors had their seats and in the rear one still sees the site of the calaboose or prison into which heretics were thrust by order of the Spanish Inquisition. It is now a police station, and one of the cells contains a pair of stocks hewn from a solid cypress log, and fitted with holes for the ankles of the offender.

Next to the Cabildo is the Cathedral, its exterior coated with the familiar yellow concrete of the south. This is not durable, and hence has to be replaced frequently. Then on the right and left are long, three-story red brick buildings, a block in length, each one having its balconies. These, too, are interesting for their age, having been erected by the Baroness Pontalba (Pon-tahl-bah), daughter of the Don Andrea Almonastrey Roxas, a well-to-do Spanish noble, and colonel of the provincial troops. It was the Don who built the cathedral, and gave it to the colony, and for whom, each evening, at vespers, the bells are tolled, and masses are said for his soul.

There is no end to the interesting things in this section. Here is the French market, famous for the neatness with which every article of food is set before the buyer. Even the meat, for instance, is kept full of long iron skewers, which extend perhaps an inch below, so that it may rest on these, rather than on the clean marble stands. Pineapples are hung each from a cord, and soup vegetables are tied into ornamental bouquets as if for a vase, instead of the kitchen. Then, too, there are coffee stalls on the market, as in Paris, with great brass urns, and presided over by men in long blue sack-coats or blouses, such as we met with on our LITTLE JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

Of course, we must linger at the river, the wide Mississippi, a muddy, turbid stream as we see it here, with the banks covered over with board-walk, on which stand bales of cotton without number. That, too, is a study for us, and if we have time we can saunter inland from the levee to the Cotton Exchange, where the

brokers gather around a little fountain and raise or lower the price. Down here by the river, however, the lazy picturesque negroes driving the teams from their



ROLLING COTTON, NEW ORLEANS

seats on the topmost bale, or bearing the cotton off the stern-wheelers, or, if they have a coin in hand, lounging on the levee in the sunshine, idle and happy, and careless of prices or time, will interest us. In fact, if we are careful travelers, we shall return some other time and spend an afternoon simply taking in this life along the levee. We will go on to where the molasses ('lasses they say here) and the cane-sugar barrels are grouped by the thousands, while a great refinery belches out its smoke on the scene.

Then we will sit upon a barrel and gaze on that mighty river, far across which lies Algiers (Ahl-geers), a suburb of the Crescent City. Crescent City, indeed, as we see the river bending down and around on its way to the still distant Delta.

It takes us back to the school-room, and in fancy we repeat to ourselves, "The Mississippi River rises in a little lake north of Lake Itasca (I-tas-ka)."

Then, before we get much farther, we are reminded of the story of the child who asked why, if the Mississippi was the "Father of Waters," it was not called the Mister-sippi River.

But much as we should like to stay, there is not more time for day dreaming. We will pass the lugger, or small boat landing, where oysters are being brought in, in the tall tapering baskets, and then have our walk include the French Opera House, in order to see by day the famous old building where the Mardi Gras balls are held; and then proceed to old Congo Square, where, in the days before the war, the negro slaves danced "voo-doo" (vu-duh), under Bras Coupé (Brahs Coop-a), the black king and the captain of the swamp-hidden runaways.

We are back in fancy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or with "Daddy Jake, the Runaway" or any of the other delightful Stowe or Chandler Harris stories, as we stand on this square.

Voo-doo! that, in itself, is full of interest; its legends are numerous, even now the darkies all around will tell them—how if you dance so many rounds this way, you will be immune from the yellow fever, of which New Orleans is always in dread; or, if you dance and then

tap this or that, you cannot get the cholera. Voo-doo, in short, is a sort of supernatural way of guarding against the familiar diseases of the South, by doing queer penances or by contortions of the body.

And the old swamp kings—anyone here can tell you of them. When a slave ran away from his master rather than be sold “down river,” to New Orleans, he would make for the swamps we will see later in the week. There he wandered until he met some other runaway, when the two joined forces and went on ti



A TYPICAL BAYOU

they met a third. So bands were formed, often for protection, some to keep watch against pursuit, while certain members slept, some to do the foraging, and

the like. Each swamp-band had its leader, known as the king, and the experiences of some of these read like the wildest fiction.

An electric car comes along, and we step aboard. In the north we would perhaps take the last seat, if this were vacant, that we might get out more easily on reaching our destination. Here, however, attached to the backs of these last few seats on either side of the aisle, we see a small, oblong wire screen, upon which are the words: "For Colored Patrons Only."

This, more than anything we have yet seen, makes us realize that we are still in the South. Although the war is at an end, and although the Constitution has declared otherwise, we note everywhere that the black man is not treated on terms of equality with the white. He is not even spoken of as colored, but the term "niggah" is used at all times, even in his presence. So here in the cars—the law prescribing that the colored people be granted equal rights with the whites is evaded by saying that if a white man sat in these colored folks' seats he would be ushered out, hence no colored man can sit in the seats for the whites.

Barber shops down here, we notice from the cars, not being satisfied with the usual pole, have the entire front painted in red and white striping.

As it is lunch-time, we will return to a famous little restaurant in the French quarter which has been one of the institutions of New Orleans almost since the war, because of its excellent cooking. Here they call the meal breakfast, though we sit down to it at half-past eleven. The courses are served in regular order, nor

will they hurry, and no person can finish his meal before the rest.

There is a bottle of wine for each place, French fashion, and a thick—very thick—slice of bread. Then the meal itself begins. First there are crawfish, which some of us may have to be shown how to eat—simply by breaking them open and sucking out the tail. Then omelet, with parsley, steaming hot, and full of a queer black spice, imported from Paris. Celery and radishes are passed about, and after them there is brought in a curious dish which we all fail to recognize. Some guess it is tripe, others snails—as a matter of fact, the latter are right. Meantime the old Frenchman and his wife have started conversation. They like the cooking to be praised and we humor them in this respect. Before long, fried chicken and boiled potatoes are before us. After that half a tomato, with parsley on top, also steaming hot, and a piece of beef-steak, hidden beneath cress. We are wondering what the wind-up will consist of. It is Roquefort or Swiss cheese, and apples. Then black coffee, into which brandy is poured, and then lit, so that we can drink it well-nigh burning.

It is now time to take to the carriage which a friend in the city has prepared for us. From the garden, a bouquet of roses and violets has been brought; this although we are still in early January and at home it is very cold.

We will drive along the famous St. Charles Ave. to the outskirts, so as to see the handsome southern homes, far back in their gardens, and often well-nigh hidden from view by tall palms and oak trees. Be-

tween the walks and the street there are rows of palms, which remind us of Ragusa in Dalmatia.*

Here and there among these places, there will be a fashionable café, as in Europe, where ladies may drop in of an afternoon, for a cup of Mocha and cakes.



A NEW ORLEANS CEMETERY

Most of these cafés sell novelties, too, and among them such things as dressed fleas—tiny specimens of these insects, which are perfectly attired as man and wife.

By and by we are out among the cemeteries of New Orleans, as curious as any in the world. As we shall find at San Francisco, all of these cemeteries are

*See 'A Little Journey to the Balkans.'

grouped about a central area, but unlike those of the Doomed City, the dead here repose in vaults. Usually a vault is built to contain four bodies, and their names will be set on the slab on the front. When, then, the fifth person in a family dies, the vault is opened and the remains of some one of the other four gathered together into a new smaller coffin, or simply into a pine box and placed in the receptacle, as it is called. This receptacle is simply an ordinary cemented cellar at the base of the vault, in which the remains gradually moulder away. Sometimes, instead, the remains of, say the fourth person, will be put in a smaller casket, and room found for this in the vault itself. The ceremony reminds us somewhat of Pere la Chaise, in Paris, visited on our other Little Journey.

Some of the vaults here are very beautiful, the long shelves extending along their fronts being adorned with vases and urns filled with flowers. A vault we shall be particularly interested in is one built into a grass-covered mound, and topped by a great column, for there, among others, lies entombed Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy. A simple slab of slate, cut with his name and dates of birth and death, distinguishes this entombment from the rest in the catacomb.

We have now seen what is quaint and curious of New Orleans. It will not do, however, to neglect the life of the city to-day. Consequently, we shall continue our way "up-town," as the residential section is termed, toward Rosa Park and the other suburban districts. We note here that the pronunciation is typically southern—"park" becomes "p-aa-h-k." The park,

like so many in the city, consists of an oval of palms and shrubbery which is kept in order by the residents on either side. Out here one finds still in vogue the colonial style of Southern home, and if the evening be a bit chilly, there are logs in the great fire-places, before which the children gather with their darkey "mam-mies" (or nurses), to pop corn and listen to the folklore of the cotton field and the cane brake.

Some of these little ones' rooms in the homes are exceedingly pretty, one in particular into which we may peep, having the walls covered with a paper reproducing Delft designs and colorings and being filled with nick-nacks of all sorts, in Dutch style, with a border of dollies on a shelf, each doll dressed in correct Dutch costume.

In the evening we attend the French opera (if we understand the language) and enjoy one of the finest performances of opera it has ever been our good fortune to witness. We note quite a number of European customs here, among others the three knocks by the stage-manager behind the scenes when the curtain is to rise, and the stamping of feet by the most refined in the audience, if the intermissions are prolonged too greatly.

After the theater everyone goes to the restaurants for a queer combination—beer and oysters on the shell, or else fried oysters. There is no end to the consumption of these bivalves in old Orleans.

FAREWELL TO NEW ORLEANS

BEFORE quitting New Orleans next morning, we must take a peep at the lobby of the St. Charles Hotel, one of

the famous hostelrys of the South, if only to study the "life" that gathers here.

Then, threading our way toward the station, we step into the post-office to mail a letter. We find that the drops for mail are arranged by states, and thus we do the sorting ourselves and save the clerks their greatest trouble. Outside a milk-cart rattles by, a queer two-wheeled cart shaped like a buggy, with tin cans so bright as to look like silver. We snapshot this and then proceed.

We are now bound on a very long journey, to El Paso in fact, but the nature of the territory to be traversed is such that we can see it as well from the train as we could by getting off at intervals.

We must, however, avail ourselves of the benefits of the observation car, and to do this we secure berths for our sleeper at once. At the very beginning of the journey we are made to realize that distances down in the Southwest are tremendous, for the fare on this, our first jump, from New Orleans to El Paso, is about thirty-three dollars, with seven dollars additional for the sleeper. Our study of the map would hardly prepare us for this.

We are lucky in happening to meet some acquaintances, bound for Los Angeles, and the winter resorts of the coast, and while the train draws out through the famous swamps, now filled with fluffy grasses, and the grain flats, with their curious cribs, we renew past friendships and hear news of mutual acquaintances.

Already we are among the sluggish bayous (bayous) of Louisiana, of which we have heard so much. Deep, dark creeks wind quietly through these swamps,

and there are flag or reed-covered savannas, with lichened timber marking water courses on which the canoe alone can pass. This is the famous sugar region of Louisiana, the Teche (Tesh), as it is called.



CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI

In addition to the sugar-cane, the low-lands afford much valuable timber. It is a paradise for the canoeist. In times of high water, moreover, much of this region is covered by the river, and snakes and alligators rest on the trees as in familiar pictures of Old Earth after the Deluge.

Before reaching the heart of the Teche country, however, we are to cross the Mississippi.

CROSSING THE LARGEST RIVER IN THE WORLD

WE WONDER how we are going to do it. Before we know it, the train has run onto a boat fitted with three tracks, on each of which some of the cars of our train are switched. Then we are ferried across. Possibly some of us will be glad of the chance to climb up into the cab of our engine, one of the famous Great Mogul type, and pretend we are the engineer, directing the expedition westward. Above us is the bridge, with the ferry operators, all about only the muddy water, and beyond, again, the great crescent that marks the city. We feel a slight shaking under foot as we walk around the boat, otherwise we might not know we were moving. In fact, when we take our seats in the dining-car, before the other bank is reached, we shall be wholly unconscious of all motion.

A CONTRAST TO THE OLDEN DAYS

AFTER luncheon we return to the observation car, prepared to see the country. We cannot but recall the difference between this mode of going west, and that in which our forefathers traveled, going either by boat, on the long, weary trip around the Horn, or by vessel to Panama, and then with mules over the Isthmus and again by sail to the North. Still greater, even, is the contrast with those who "trekked" it across the plains or desert in the great prairie schooners of which we shall soon hear so much.

Here the car has a single, long aisle down one side.

Off from this is a compartment with tables and chairs, reserved for gentlemen desiring to smoke, and another compartment entirely of glass, in which there are cosy reclining chairs, writing desk and a mail-box that is emptied regularly. At the end of all is the broad platform, with camp-stools, on which we take our place, this to the irritation of a young bridal couple—like so many others, on a bridal-tour to the west—who had hoped to be alone.

We are by this time again in the heart of the bayous, and everywhere rise levees (lay-vees), or embankments built on the edge of streams, much as they do in Holland.* Contrary to our ideas of the green and sunny South, the dense, heavily lichened trees are now bare of foliage, sugar-cane plantations, with the stalks all down, but the yellow leaves, like those of sugar-corn, lying in the furrows, ready to be raked together; dense cypress glades, and rushes, seem to make up this land.

By and by we stop at Bowie (Boo-e), a village of one-room, whitewashed frame huts, all set, as is the fashion here, along one main street; and on that street the mules and the negroes are about equally numerous. Some of our friends step off the car to get pieces of the sugar-cane lying about in profusion. This is quickly peeled with the pen-knife, and then broken up to distribute among the crowd.

IN THE LAND OF THE SUGAR-CANE

They tell us to eat it – “it is good!” We try to bite the cane across, but it is so tough that this is impossible. Then we bite in laterally, and it yields. We find the

* See “A Little Journey to the Netherlands.”

cane quite sweet to chew—very like sweet gum. What remains in the mouth after the saccharine is extracted, we toss away to replace with a fresh supply.

Like ourselves, many of the tourists on board have never eaten cane before, so the Southerners dilate on its virtues. Nothing, they say, equals this red-coated, white-bodied rod of cane for making the eater fat and healthy. That is why the negroes we see cutting the stalks into dark-red poles, that litter the otherwise barren ground, are one and all healthy.

As the bayous grow denser, we find more and more, that our school geography has misinformed us about the “winter” of the South. While the temperature is mild and warm, the trees and shrubs are just as barren and “dead” here as they are at home in winter; flowers and foliage are nowhere visible. The shrubs that border the railway and the dense, thin-trunked trees behind them, are without vestige of leaf. The long, dangling tree-moss is their only clothing.

IN THE ACADIAN LAND

SOMEONE in the car has brought out a copy of Longfellow and begins reading “Evangeline.” Certainly this is appropriate, for we, too, are now “In the Acadian-land, not far from the Basin of Minas” (My-nass).

These swamps, a guide book tells us, were in fact the haunts of Felix Roux (Roo), the great Acadian hunter. While we were at luncheon, too, we are told we passed through the Bayou des Allemands (Ahl-maung), a little town of whitewashed houses too tiny to be noticed en passant—to which John Law,

of "Mississippi Bubble" fame, sent the Chevalier d'Arenmy, aid-de-camp of King Charles of Sweden, with two hundred and thirty families of colonists. When Law failed and fled from Paris to Venice, the emigrants became discouraged and prepared to return home. Bienville, however, induced them finally to stay, and gave to each a tract of land in this region which was known as the Cote (Kote) or Shore des Allemands (days Ahl' maung). Even now descendants of the Chevalier reside there.

One thing we already realize, and that is, that this trip will make us revive forgotten history, and wish, just a little, that we had studied a bit harder at school.

We hear again and again, for example, the terms "New Families" and "Old Families," especially as applied to the fertile sugar plantations here among the marshes, where the land is subject to tidal overflows, and where the bayous and arms of the sea form natural boundaries. These plantations are now owned by the "New" families, who are in many cases descendants of the "carpet-baggers," who came into the South just after the Civil War, when her people were prostrated by their defeat and their consequent financial losses. By dint of hard labor these "New Families" have won for themselves great fortunes. The "Old Families" were the great land-holders of the days before the war.

Fellow travelers, of varied inclinations, find varied interest in the ride. Some speak of the fine fishing—for all the gulf fish are here—others of the game—bear and deer, ducks and geese; others of the cattle.

A Kansas man aboard bought a million acres, he tells, for a winter cattle range. Another man draws our attention to the fact that the oyster and terrapin industry flourishes here, because of the richness of the soil, which is made up of the decomposed shells of marine animals and of salt overflows of the Gulf, all of which are washed back into the bayous.

Where the moss hangs longest and deepest from the trees the ground is covered with low, beautiful fan palms, which stand out a mass of bright green, brilliant in contrast to the other duller herbage, and to the water, which reflects them on a back-ground of barren, naked trees. Now and then, where there may be a curve in the track, we will see a terrapin on a log.

Then all is monotonous.

IN THE BAYOU COUNTRY

THIS part of the Southwest strikes us as remarkable for the sparsity of its population. Now and then a village, such as Gibson, appears, of frame houses with a sawmill built on an Indian mound; otherwise the clearings in the bayous are untenanted.

It is so mild and spring-like in the open air that we enjoy the ride immensely. Passing over a prairie that stretches into the distant pine forests, at the western edge of Louisiana, the sugar cane begins to be replaced by cotton plantations. Everywhere on these we see the cotton stalks—the branches at this season bare and black, but bearing here and there an occasional white, unpicked boll. Rice fields, too, appear, but we are surprised to find side by side with these semi-tropical plants, oats, beans and potatoes,

which are raised in large quantities. Thousands of settlers from the north, we are told, come down here, and by hard work get splendid crops from the swamp-land, where it seems to us as if only these great, green palms, and a red-berried shrub, and the moss that hangs here from every tree-stump, can find root in the stagnant water. Looking carefully, we will see a very crude hut here and there in the bayou, a mere frame of logs with a roof extending out from one side. It reminds us again of the huts of runaway slaves off in the dismal swamp. The logs lying scattered in the water often deceive pedestrians expecting safe foothold.

The dreary light that falls on the stumps in these bayous becomes at last rather depressing and we are glad when drier rice fields follow. At Boeuf (Bohf), where there is a brief stoppage, we see the typical homes of the nearer Southwest; white frame huts, generally scattered and occupied, for the most part, by negroes. Between the houses will be meadows of the low green fan-palms, and in these innumerable ponies graze. As is this town so are many others to follow, with the bayou coming so close up to the settlement that the orioles' nests in the trees overhang the houses, and the negresses, sitting ever idle on their little porches, with sunbonnets at all times on their heads, can look out into the depths of the swamps. The laziness of these darkies astounds us, for not even on the finest days do we find them stirring or doing more than they absolutely must about their homes. Occasionally we see in these towns a larger two-story house—for the plantation owner—or a cemetery with

white fences surrounding the head-stone and foot-stone at each grave, is added to the prospect.

A little after three we arrive at Morgan City, a happy relief, with its neat frame houses in well kept gardens, enclosed by equally well kept fences. Electric lights on the streets and trees along the walks make the place seem quite metropolitan. Here, as at all other stopping places, great crowds of people, negroes, "poor whites" and others, are at hand to watch the "train go by," an event which they would not miss for a good deal.

While the train crosses the great brown Teche, halting in midstream over some stern-wheelers about to descend the river, one of our friends stops his smoking for a minute, to point out the guns on the old fort, where the Confederate veterans saluted the American flag, July 4, 1893. Thirty years before some three thousand rebels, stationed here, were routed, the Federals taking the place and holding it until the close of the war, when it went to decay. Now it has been converted into a park.

The boats on the river interest us; we learn how they are sent far up the Teche for rice and sugar and cotton, which they bring down to the railway, returning with supplies for the plantations above. The river itself is the Atchafalaya (At-sha-fah-lay-yah) so wide here that it is sometimes called Berwick Bay (Burr-wick). Nine miles above the Teche empties into it, the waters flowing together for some thirty miles into the Mexican Gulf.

Over on the other side of the river is a fleeting picture of the quaint old South.

THE LAND OF THE PICCANINNY

NEGRO cabins are built in one long row, and the old darkey mammies, with bandanas round their heads, a white kerchief folded in a "V" on the back, blue waist, and skirt of black and white check, are seated on every step. Younger men and women lean on the fence posts before the unpainted cabins, watching the passing cars. Children—darling piccaninnies—toddle among the pink roses in the "yards." The climate here is as in the early spring at home, so that the amount of clothing worn is often the least that the law allows, frequently only a shirt minus sleeves.

Tramps, carrying their bundles on the end of a cane on the shoulder, are also frequently seen at the roadside.

As we ride on, we find ourselves listening to a heavy-set Southern planter giving a planter's account of life in the region.

"In the summer," he is telling, "the cane cutters here receive from eighty to ninety cents a day, according to strength, and this holds true for men, women and children. As to their capacity for work, the overseers get to be expert judges of this. In the summer, quite frequently, on the other hand, the cane-workers are paid a dollar and a quarter a day, and then we board them for twenty-five cents. Usually these cutters come to love the overseer, as they might an elder brother. When they dislike him, however, in a body, they will refuse to work."

"No," in answer to a question, "the Southerner hasn't come to have quite the regard for the black

man which you have in the North. I am sorry to say that throughout this part of the country you will still have many whites tell you that the negro must be regarded as an animal, and not as a human, and that you must keep him in his place or you will regret it."

This is quite different from what we were led to believe when we read our papers and magazines up North!

A long oil train cuts off his remarks, but when we next hear him he is telling how the cities are spoiling the colored man for work on the plantations, as the labor is lighter and the pay better; for on the cane-fields they must work from sun-up to sunset, excepting for an hour at noon.

He is recommending that as it is clouding up and may rain, and then we would not see the state at its best, we get off at the next stopping place and visit Fairview or Avoca (A-voke-ah), two of the typical plantations of the South, all of which, like these two, have fanciful, poetic names.

THE REGION OF CANOES

WE LOOK in vain for roads in this part of the country. There are none, as we understand the term, for the roads here are in reality waterways, intricate bayous, and deep, navigable streams, the way through which, as through the canals of lower California we are to visit later, it takes years to learn. Through these bayous go the oyster gatherers, for the vast shell beds are near here, and millions of oysters are shipped from the local packing establishments annually. In fact, from the cars, we can see some of the luggers tied to the banks, each sloop bringing a hundred and twenty-five to

two hundred barrels from the great beds in the Gulf (a distance of perhaps an hour or two), netting the skipper a set rate of a dollar a barrel. We had never thought of the oyster as an important article of food until we came here to Louisiana, but in this section of the state a hardy set of men are engaged in the hazardous and certainly arduous work of gathering them the greater part of the year.

From Girard Lake (Gee-rard) near by, catfish are also taken for shipment. Where to? We study our geography. What sections of the country would be supplied from here? Obviously Texas, Kansas, Missouri, Louisiana, and Arkansas. If we cared to make the thirty-mile side trip to the lake, we would see fishermen everywhere hauling in their lines, while the tugs of the dealers came about collecting the fish in floating crates and towing them to the shore, where expert dressers prepare the fish at the rate of one a minute. In fact we learn that a darkey expert can take a twenty-pound catfish, swing it upon a hook, take off the fins, slip the skin off in one pull, then disembowel the fish—and have head and tail chopped off before sixty seconds are counted.

Alligator hides are another queer product that came formerly from this part of Louisiana—as many as thirty thousand hides going out of here at a shipment. Latterly, however, the supply has been exhausted and luckily, the demand is not so great.

THE SUGARBOWL OF LOUISIANA

WE ARE beginning really to wonder if there is no end to cane plantations in Louisiana. The long,

yellow leaves cover the ground for mile after mile, save where they have been gathered into great stacks, ready for sale to the paper factories, or where they have been burnt, that the rich soil might be plowed into furrows. Aside from a lumber mill or two, sugar-cane is everywhere! No wonder they call this the Sugarbowl of the state.

Still, there are other industries. One man made a fortune out here, for instance, by taking cypress land, cutting the timber, and then sending boats into the swamps to bring it out (by snaking, as it called) to where larger boats can collect it.

At Patterson we are only eight feet above the sea, and out of the flats in the distance rise French church spires, that again take us back in fancy to Normandy. Manors and negro cabins, great sugar mills and perhaps a wooden bridge swung by hand to let a lugger sail by, alone would greet our eye, could we visit these towns.

The bearded cypresses have again begun to replace the palms and the reeds when we reach the New Iberia district. Here in early days there were other industries, connected with the salt mines. Salt was then rare in the United States, so that, when worked by slaves, as they were up to 1828, the mines yielded handsome profits. After that, however, they were abandoned until 1861, when the price of salt rose to eleven dollars a barrel in New Orleans, and they could be profitably revived. Then a great vein of rock salt was discovered right here in the Sugarbowl of Louisiana, and this, too, was drained. The owner received for its produce not less than three

million dollars, but as all this was in Confederate paper money, at the close of the war he found himself penniless.

"Away out here, in far western Louisiana," our friend again informs us, "many of these plantations, like the manors of old, are almost independent of the world. They raise their own sugar and cotton, their own fruits, grains, vegetables, beef and mutton. On them you can kill bear and deer; there are fish and wild duck, geese and snipe. In fact, with but few exceptions, they raise absolutely everything needed to sustain life."

Just beyond another leafless cotton-field we stop at a little station. Some very black and some very light negro boys come down to sell us cane—at any price. Instead of buying, we toss them pennies—just as we did on the dock at Naples in our other Little Journey*, in order to enjoy the fun of watching them scramble, one over the other, for them. There is a settlement close by, New Iberia itself, where some young negresses, in gay blue and red dresses, are out among the trees before elegant old pillared and immaculately white Southern homes, watching the passing train.

With evening, a delightful balmy sunset breeze comes up, though it is not quite a quarter to five. On the observation platform, to vary the monotony of the endless sugar-cane, people are chatting or playing at cards. There is nothing but cane until La Fayette (French pronunciation) which we reach with the sunset half an hour later, so we enjoy ourselves in the same way.

*"See A Little Journey to the Balkans."

In the dusk, a great oil-train rolls by, and we notice for the first time, that our own track has been oiled, in order to lay the dust.

With the deepening dusk, it grows cool outside, and all come into the car. We copy the notes we may have taken so far, and then set about "exploring." We note, for example, that daily telegraphic stock reports are posted at the door-way. We hear a friend ordering a glass of wine of the porter, and learn in surprise that it is unobtainable, this being Sunday, and we are in a State where the Sunday closing law obtains. It seems rather strange that laws of this sort should be applied to a train—we are unused to such practices.

Twilight finds us at Ocott (Oh-kott), another wee hamlet, with the cotton bales in a great pile on the platform. We wonder how far we shall get by bedtime. La Fayette the maps show to be one hundred and forty-five miles from New Orleans. Already the newsboy is coming through with Galveston (Gal-ves'-tun) and Houston papers. Houston (Hoos'-tun), we find, is three hundred and sixty-three miles from the Crescent City.

The first of the three calls for supper in the dining car is given, and we start thither in order to make sure of a place. Our vis-a-vis at table is a young Creole attorney from New Orleans, and at the rate of half a mile a minute or so, he tells us of the Creole ways—how the enclosed garden is still attached to every Creole home, although the younger generation is dropping more exclusive customs and such like.

By the time the waiter has pocketed our tip, and we are back in our Pullman, night is fairly on.

For our after-supper chat we seek the observation platform, while some of our friends remain to play cards within. It is bed-time when we stop at Beaumont (Boh'-mond)—to our surprise well within the Lone Star State.

THE BEGINNING OF THE LONE STAR STATE

WE SLEEP through quite a large portion of the largest state in the Union—Texas.

How many of us have any real idea of the size of this "Lone Star State"? Probably very few.

In the morning, on picking up one of the railway publications, we find the facts stated quite concisely.

"Texas," says the book, "extends eight hundred miles from east to west, and seven hundred and fifty from north to south. This is almost the distance from New York to Chicago on the one hand, and from Chicago to New Orleans on the other, or say from San Francisco to Salt Lake.

"Texas, moreover, is eleven times as large as New York State, two hundred and eleven times as big as Rhode Island. It has four hundred and eleven miles of coast line, although we are little accustomed to speaking of the coast of Texas. Its navigable rivers are equal, in length, to those of any five other states in the Union. All in all, there are 265,789 square miles of territory in Texas, over which there extends some nine thousand five hundred miles of railway. The value of agricultural and manufactured products from this state is set at \$185,000,000. The permanent school fund, in itself, is a hundred million dollars.

"In addition to the best known products, Texas

yields coal, iron, copper and gypsum, rock salt, and asphalt, mica, granite and petroleum; and its forests are far from inconsiderable."

During the night, we learn that we passed Sour Lake, a queer pool, famous for its mud baths, and the many



A TOWN IN WESTERN TEXAS

thriving towns dotting the section between the Sabine (Say'-bean) and San Antonio, towns separated from one another almost entirely by rice fields. Near Crosby, eighty-four miles from the Louisiana line, we crossed a historic site, the scene of the San Jacinto (Ja-sin'-toe) fight, April 12, 1836, which, practically speaking, gained for Texas her independence.

Houston, the State capital, too, was passed, and now

that we are up and out of our berths, we are pulling into San Antonio (Sahn An-ton'-e-oh).

It is a wet, foggy day, though very warm, and we are loth to quit the cozy dining-car, with its steaming coffee and rolls, for the murky outer world, but it will never do to miss the opportunity of a peep at San Antonio.

QUEER CORNERS OF SAN ANTONIO

WITH some fellow-travelers from Illinois, who, like us, are fond of exploring, we step off the train, they discussing the night's run from Beaumont (Boh'-mont), 278 miles from New Orleans, via Houston (363), to San Antonio, 572 miles from the Crescent City.

Meanwhile we are walking up the wide main street of San Antonio, our first typical Texan town. The houses all strike us as being occupied by the poorer class, and their architectural style is decidedly mixed. The stores are to be described as wholly unimpressive. One thing only about them seems worthy of remark—the signs—as, for example, on a drug-store nearby, “Apotheke-Drug Store-Botica.” There are Mexicans and Germans, in large numbers, in San Antonio, so the sign-makers prepare accordingly.

A street car comes along and we hail it to save time. First, however, we buy some fruit—apples, oranges and bananas, more than we can eat, for only fifteen cents. While on the car, we write a few souvenir post cards, for even in the smallest towns in the Southwest and West the post card fad has arrived, and it is almost as bad here as in Europe.*

*See “Little Journey to Austria-Hungary.”

Of course we want to see the Alamo (Ah-lah-moh), about which half the history of Texas is gathered. It is built in what seems to us the mission style—silent and suffering from age—a reminder of the stirring days when “Remember the Alamo” was the watch-word of the West.

ON AGAIN INTO THE CATTLE-LANDS

WE MUST now retrace our steps, for the train, like time, waits for no man.

We pass at first into groves of low shrubs, barren at



THE STAGE THAT MEETS THE TRAIN

this season save for tremendous bunches of the green-leaved mistletoe, hanging like hornets' nests from their limbs. Undoubtedly, we think, this is the region of the "Texas forests" of which we have heard. Very soon, however, we shall discover our mistake.

At a little wayside station there are huge stock-yards that seem to us a miniature of Chicago's Packing-town. In the vast prairie meadows, there are thousands of cattle—"bunched," as they say out here—ready to be shipped, for we are entering the cattle country.

We are coming to the land of the cow-boy, and we thrill with excitement at the news. We try to count the cattle. Strange to say it is easier than we suppose. Pretty soon the cattle become less numerous. We question another fellow-traveler out on the observation platform.

"Aren't these the ranches of Texas?"

"Those? Ranches?"

He laughs.

"No, indeed, those are ranges! Don't you see, there are thousands and thousands of acres in the plots."

Then he goes on to explain. Out in the East and Middle West, we always think of ranches as places where cattle alone are raised, and then by the thousands. In the Southwest, however, the word "ranch" simply means a small farm, and so there are vegetable ranches, and bee-ranches and goat-ranches and apple-ranches and any other ranch you may desire. But the cattle—they roam upon "ranges," which are seldom less than four or five hundred acres in extent. This is because the herbage is compara-

tively sparse and the animals must have abundant room to range, in order that they may be sleek and fat.

A SPRING ROUND-UP ON THE PLAINS

LAYING aside his San Antonio paper, our friend then proceeds to give us an explanation of the real cow-boy life of to-day.

"The herds that we see," he explains, "do not belong to one rancher, but to perhaps a dozen or more, who



ONLY SAGE BRUSH

take up the land in common. Then the animals are turned loose to browse, under the general inspection of the cowboys, or as the Mexicans are termed, vaqueros (vah-kair'-ohs). Often some of the animals get

in among the buttes or denser undergrowth, and may not be seen by the owner for a year at a time.

"Then, in the spring, all the cow-boys from the ranch-house interested meet at one rancher's home. They wear their best suits that day, and are especially proud of their hats and of their saddles, both of which will be adorned with ornaments of solid silver, and sometimes even of gold.

"They are mounted on fine horses, the range is divided between them, and away they go to their farthest points. Then, as at a fox-hunt in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, the cow-boys drive all the cattle, steers, cows and calves gradually in toward a common center.

"Nor is this as easy as it looks. Yearling calves, 'heifers,' are frequently fractious, and gallop off, the others following close at their heels. Then, too, some of the bulls will not hesitate to 'go' for the vaquero, and the lasso must be brought into play. Many cattle too, are hidden in the undergrowth, and it is no easy matter to get at them to rout them out.

"At last, however, the cattle are brought to the center agreed on, which is known as the 'corral' (core-rell').

"There the calves, who always accompany their mothers, and hence are readily recognized as to ownership, are branded with the same name as that which the cow may bear. To watch the skillful vaquero 'throw' an animal, apply the red hot branding-iron to the skin, and then release the newly branded calf, all in a trice, is a sight the novice never forgets.

"When once the animals are all branded, they are turned loose again to roam the plains for another year.

"When a rancher needs a certain number of head of

cattle, he simply sends his cowboys out to bring in the desired lot that bear his brand.

"That, of course, is the business side of the spring round-up. After it come the sports. There is fancy riding and such games as 'polo' and the like. Formerly there were examples of fancy cattle throwing, but as the cowboys would practice for this on the plains the year round and so frequently cripple their owners' stock in the experiment, the law has forbidden the sport.

"A favorite game, however, is to bury a rooster up to the neck in the sand, and then have the cowboys ride past on a gallop, and lasso the wee bit of head.

"Of course there are feasts at the round-up, and often prizes are distributed. Then, the long year opens up again."

Meantime we notice a wave of excitement passing over the passengers in the car. On almost every trip of the overland trains there will be one or more celebrities aboard—either in a stateroom, a special car, or else in the regular Pullman coaches, for the class of people making this transcontinental ride is well-nigh the same as that on the great ocean liners. In this case, it may be a Japanese envoy, and plans are already being laid to catch a glimpse of him at the very next halt of the train.

In fact, some people begin a search of the cars, starting with the observation car at this end, then through the three sleepers, peering especially into their smoking compartments, and even through the day coaches as far as the baggage car, far in the front, in search of the object of their quest. This results in their discovering

other acquaintances aboard, and they do not feel the expedition to have been wholly useless.

THE PLAINS

MEANTIME the train is ever bowling on over the endless prairie plains. These are covered now with low, bare mesquite (mes'-keet) bushes, a plant we will come to know well before our LITTLE JOURNEY is over; as also with a smaller gray weed, and patches of another yellow, equally dry, grass. Between these we see the yellow, pebble-strewn earth, over which are scattered the cattle, seldom more than two or three in a group.

Again, in stretches, there will be millions of low, barren trees, in which hang more of the greenish-yellow



TOURISTS IN THE SOUTHWEST

bunches of mistletoe. Occasionally, as if for variety's sake, there will rise a solitary green shrub, like a laurel. All the morning and well on into the afternoon, there will be little more than this to see. Of life there is nothing in sight anywhere, excepting only those semi-occasional cows.

LIFE ON THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAINS

THOSE of us who have taken the LITTLE JOURNEYS abroad and experienced the life on the famous railways there, are interested in noting how time is passed on a monotonous section of a journey in the great Southwest.

Some of the people are reading magazines (for the papers are by this time stale), others books from the car's library. Still others are writing at a well supplied desk; the rest are simply dozing.

It is a welcome call, indeed, when the porter proclaims "Dinner ready in the dining-car."

WHEN UNCLE SAM RAISED CAMELS

OVER the veal cutlet and the saratogas, we hear another interesting story of this section of our country—Uncle Sam's camel experiment.

It seems that away back in the fifties, Uncle Sam thought there would be nothing like camels to transport his supplies across the deserts of the Southwest. So he sent to Africa for quite a herd, and they were put into service in this section between San Antonio and El Paso, where there are many stretches of from forty to ninety miles without water.

"When the camels set out, it seems, all went well;

but," our informant continues, "the chilly December winds troubled the animals, and each had to be wrapped about with a blanket. Then the Egyptian drivers, who had been brought with them, began shivering, as much with homesickness as cold. The rough, rocky trails, too, told on the feet of the camels, which are shaped like the foot of a cow, and are without protection on the base, so that the mat or pad wore off, and serious stone bruises resulted. Shoes for the camels were impossible as there was no hoof to fasten them to. Leather sandals, which were tried, were altogether too costly."

There were innumerable other difficulties, so that at last the government gave up in disgust. The interesting part of the affair is, however, that those remaining of the herd of a hundred and thirty camels were turned loose to roam the desert at will. They wandered into the mountains, and for two or three decades afterwards occasional prospectors would tell of having run across one or two camels.

Even now there are legends of seeing the camels on the deserts, whether these are true or not no one knows. Suffice it to say, that the remains of all the animals have not yet been discovered.

THE HEAT OF THE DESERT

LADIES in the observation car prepare to take their after-luncheon nap in the easy chairs, for we are now getting into an entirely different region of the Southwest—the desert.

Some of us have had preconceived ideas of the desert gained from our school geographies. Let us see if they accord with the reality; we see an endless, parched,

dust-covered plain, with scattered areas of low, equally parched herbage, sage brush and mesquite, and a low-growing cactus. Down upon this pours a broiling sun, and here on the observation platform, where the air is tempered by the motion of the train, early in January, the thermometer is registering between eighty and ninety degrees.

The dust added to the fierce heat drives us inside the car, and there another thermometer registers ninety-five.

Outside, through the windows, we see vast white areas of earth, the white is the alkali in the soil, which we are told needs only water—irrigation—to make it very fruitful. We are now in the real Southwest, where the story of “irrigation” is ever uppermost in people’s minds.

Nor does the desert remain the same throughout. Higher forms of mesquite bushes, in endless quantities, succeed the alkali tracts, and save for the oil-tanks along the track (oil supplanting coal on these lines), and, at one place, a lone tent in the waste of prairie, where some prospector has camped, we will see absolutely no sign of life.

Then again a bit of mistletoe, or off on the sky-line, a low hill or butte will be hailed as the greatest of curiosities.

A DESERT TOWN

AT SPOFFORD, we get a peep at a typical desert town. There is the post-office in a tiny, tent-shaped hut, a store selling general merchandise, a barber shop and saloon—that is all; and surrounding this little cluster

on every side is the endless prairie. Customers must ride for countless miles to patronize these places.

After Spofford there is again only the endless stretch of desert. At a mile-stone "703 miles from New Orleans," a Mexican, in great sombrero, that adds a deeper shade to his already dark skin, sits on his horse in the sunshine to watch the "train go by." All that we have ever read of the loneliness and heat of the desert is recalled at this sight. At another stop an old harpist is playing for what the tourists may toss him.

By and by there are more areas of burning sand, hidden by tall mesquite. It is so hot on the platform that even a young girl from Seattle, who has been studying history for an examination on her return and who has wished to remain undisturbed, yields to the heat and comes in. As everyone is dozing, because of the heat and the monotony of endless sand, she can study her "Rome" in peace. Even when she lifts her eyes from the page for a moment, there is nothing but the pale blue sky and the sage to divert her attention. These endless tracts of desert are very deceptive. It is so easy for the traveler to be mistaken as to distances, and to become lost on the arid plain. But for the distant stations, lone outposts, where tough-looking dark-skinned Mexican boys loiter, life is absolutely invisible.

THE FAMOUS RIO GRANDE

AT LAST there comes a diversion. We strike the famous Rio Grande (Spanish pronunciation), "The Grand River," and follow its course. Anywhere else this river would be termed a creek, being a narrow

stream, much like the Mill creek, emptying into the Ohio at Cincinnati, and heavy with mud. Here, however, it is considered a great stream, for water is at a premium. Its banks are lined with cotton-fields, and there are cattle in its meadows, and, at one place, even sheep.



STREET ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

Then, too, there are great palisades and cañons to make it interesting, reminding us of the cañons near Sofia, in Bulgaria.*

We venture out on the platform again, but the dust, heavy with alkali, drives us in. How the man in the great sombrero, who is plowing out there, stands it, we do not know.

*See "Little Journey to the Balkans."

This seems to be the "knob country" of Texas. The fertile prairies along the river, stretching to the pebbly shore, are overgrown with a tall, feathery, pampas-grass.

With the river on our left, and beyond the track the cliffs rising in ledges of great blocks of stone, with the cañons and other rugged ledges, dry and sweltering, the region appears to us like what we have read of Death Valley. When, later on, we come to Death Valley, however, we shall find it otherwise, save for, perhaps, certain queer bluffs that seem to be made up of layers of rock, while from their tops extend the endless mesas of sage-brush and low green cacti. It is a torrid, beastly land, and as the windows are all closed against the dust, and the shades drawn on the sunny side, we think of nothing but how we may pass the time with the least exertion. Finally we follow the example of others aboard, and take to ginger ale, which we find cooling and refreshing, and to a light story.

By and by sheep begin to appear amid the scanty vegetation of the deserts, and we wonder how their owners avoid getting lost when in pursuit of the rams. Later, when we get on the Mojave (Mo'-ha-vay) Desert, we will learn of their trails and guide-marks.

We now, too, see another produce characteristic of the desert—the yucca, crowned at this season with the dried flower stalks of the last blossoming time. Over the yuccas are hills, blue in distance, that seem very near, but which, as a matter of fact, are not less than fifty miles away. So clear is the air here, so bright the sun, that only experts are safe in reckoning distances.

OVER TOWARD THE PECOS

THE train is now traveling at a fearful rate of speed, for on the deserts there is little or nothing to check its course. The motion cools the air at the open window, and so, sitting beside it in company with a young lad from Washington state, we fall into a pleasant chat.

As we thunder over a bridge, thrown across a great beautiful cañon, he exclaims with delight, "The



THE MIGHTY PECOS

Pecos!" It indicates that we are very near our destination—as "nearness" goes in the West.

He further explains that this whole region is known to the natives as over "Toward the Pecos," and in pioneer days was the genuine Southwest.

"The bridge across the Pecos is one of the most famous of the United States." Just then the train stops two full minutes on the trestle, in order that we may gaze down in wonderment at the palisades to the right and left, and perhaps take a few snapshots with the kodak.

At ten minutes to five, we are off again over the plains of sage-brush, the newsboy takes the opportunity to profit by our enthusiasm, while it is at its height, by selling packs of playing-cards containing views of the route, and also post-cards of the bridge.

About supper time, a few huddling frame buildings in the lonely plains attract us, these marking the ranch belonging to the famous Lilly Langtry. It is one of the great ranches of this country. How they manage to kill time there, or in the lone village some miles beyond, where we notice a sign reading:

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS

is the inevitable question that rises in our minds.

While we sup in the dining-car, the gorgeous desert sunsets hold us spell-bound. We have seen their duplicates only on summer nights on the Mediterranean.* Up from the dull plains of brush the sky seems to circle in gorgeous violets in the east, while the western half of the firmament is one fanfare of all the more brilliant colors.

Night, however, comes suddenly; at 6:30 it is dark. In the cars, people while away the time as best they

*See "A Little Journey to the Balkans."

may, reading, writing and looking up guide-books. To-day, we find, in going from Houston to San Antonio (572 miles distant from New Orleans), we have covered two hundred and nine miles, while between San Antonio and Rosenfeld, where we arrive at about 10:10 to-night, three hundred and thirty-two more were added. In fact, we are only six miles short of a thousand west of the Crescent City as we sink to sleep in our berths.

THE THIRD DAY BY RAIL

WHEN we rise at about ten minutes to seven, the morning of our third day on the train, it is still pitch dark outside; the stars are shining, and we must dress by the light of the wash-room lamps. The heat drives us to the platform again, and we inquire as to our whereabouts.

We learn that we are somewhere in the vicinity of Sabine (Say-bine), Texas, about eleven hundred and sixty-three miles from New Orleans. We have mounted, moreover, to an elevation of about thirty-six hundred feet above the sea. In the night, in fact, we passed through Paisano (Pie'-sah-no), the summit of the route, which lies 5,082 feet above the sea-level.

Learning that our stopping place, El Paso (L Pah-sew), is not really so very much farther away (1,192 miles from New Orleans), we get our things in order ready to leave the train, and then prepare to enjoy the tardy dawn. Off in the west the sky is still a deep blue-black. In the east it is red just over the foot-hills. The rest of the firmament is a clear blue. As the day grows older, the whole sky becomes blue.

While we are at breakfast, a long train of cars filled with the Texas steers flies past, the animals "bunched" close, side by side, in the cars, and alternating heads and tails to each side of the car, a position, perhaps, necessary in order that their great horns may not become entangled one with another's.

THE FIRST ADOBES

THE first adobe (a-dough'-bee) huts are now awaiting our inspection. Adobe, or as they say down there,



AN ADOBE HUT

"do-be," is simply the clay of the region put up over laths or brush, to form houses and barns. In a rainless land the dobe serves its purpose admirably, being

cheap, abundant and enduring. Consequently, long before we are out of the Southwest we shall be pretty tired of seeing it.

Right here, however, the houses made of it seem often lone and sad, scattered singly in the desert. Here and there are little villages, where each residence is built square, the yellow earth walls pierced with neat windows of many panes, that open to right and left of the door. A few drear trees will stand close to the doorstep, and, in addition, there will be a ladder giving access to the roof, on which place the inmates often sleep, through the summer. The aspect of these villages is dreary and reminds us of those of the cliff-dwellers of which we have read.

At half-past eight the journey through the desert comes to an end. The train slows up and stops and the porter calls, "El Paso." It seems too good to be true. We are at the first great point of interest on our long pilgrimage.

EL PASO, THE CURIOUS

EL PASO appears to us to be an entirely new town. Everything has an air of freshness about it, as though the bricks of the buildings had just been baked, and the paint on the house walls laid on a few hours ago.

El Paso, we learn, has a unique distinction among American cities. It is the largest town in the largest county, in the largest congressional district, in the largest state in the Union. As its enthusiasts tell us, no other city of equal size exists within six hundred miles in any direction.

Twenty-five years or so ago, where now the substan-

tial brick, one or two story houses stand, there was simply desert.

Strangely enough, however, we find the streets quite muddy. That is another feature of the Southwest of which we will hear a great deal on our trip. The climate seems to be changing and in the last two or three years they are having abundant rains where rain was never known to fall before.

The numerous Mexicans and Indians standing about under the arc-light, or about the street corners, interest us greatly. There are also many Chinese, who run pretty nearly all the restaurants. Coming as we do from New Orleans, it appears to us that negroes are conspicuous by their absence. Quite a few Greeks and Italians are to be seen, but Spanish is the language we hear spoken most often, in fact we hear more Spanish than we do English.

The Mexican and Indian women interest us also. They are wrapped in great black blanket-shawls which they fold about them, up over the head, neck and chin. Within these shawls very often a baby is hidden though we would never suspect it.

We stop to buy what are known as "all-day suckers," from the passing candy-men and then stroll out of the town proper, to the yellow adobe huts that stand in the sand, with queer pigeon-coops on their roofs, where more of the dark-skinned, morose Mexican citizens of the United States have their homes.

An electric car goes by, the fore and rear ends like an "open" car at home, the center enclosed. It is marked "Mexico," and the temptation is too great to be resisted.

All manner of street-life attracts us. Here, at one point, it is a house with a crape tied to the top of the door, instead of to the bell, as with us. Again it is the light-colored dogs, or the hogs, that run about everywhere, as in some Turkish city. Wagons drawn by one pony, with another hitched to their side for no apparent purpose, are other curiosities. We likewise notice the custom of tying a cow to the house-door, quite frequently, on the hot, sun-baked desert sand, and we wonder where the fresh-cut hay, with which each is surrounded, comes from.

JUST OVER THE RIVER INTO MEXICO

WE COME upon a primitive wooden bridge across the Rio Grande, and across the river we see the town of Ciudad Juarez waiting to be explored. We had hardly intended to make our LITTLE JOURNEY extend over the border, since we have already made a "LITTLE JOURNEY TO MEXICO," but we feel as if Juarez were simply a suburb of El Paso and that we may cross the line just this once.

The houses of Juarez remind us of those described in "Ben Hur," square, and of adobe, coated over with a colored plaster, or painted in imitation of blocks of cement. In the front there is always a porch, and the prettier places have a garden of plants protected by hemp or sacking covers, against what is termed the winter down here.

On our right is a barber-shop, and we notice in passing, that the barber keeps his hat on his head while shaving his customers. Next door to him is one of the numerous souvenir stands with which Juarez abounds,

and in the window the cycles of pictures of the bull fights tempt us sadly—these and the Mexican drawn work or tidies of linen, in open patterns. Nor are these all the novelties prepared for the tourist dropping into Juarez. Pictures of cock-fights, made of the gayest cock-feathers are offered on every hand. Then, too,



COCK FIGHTERS, MEXICO

there are stores where lizards are sold and others that make a specialty of drawn-work from the interior of Mexico, where wages are low, that is as fine as the proverbial cobweb, and whole scarfs of which can be rolled into a ball and held in the palm of the hand.

Following in the wake of some Indian girls, their coal-black hair parted in the middle, and scarlet

blankets thrown over more modern dresses, heightening their picturesque appearance, we come to the Mission church, about which are gathered hawkers of imitation flowers, candies and the like. Both the church and the district municipal offices face upon a plaza, or open square to which the town jail forms a third side, and the market the fourth.

A QUEER MARKET FOR ONE SO CLOSE TO THE BORDER

ALL MANNER of queer things are sold on this market. There is, for instance, a round brown cake, about four inches in diameter, which is made of pumpkin, and is a brilliant yellow inside. This sells for eight cents, or at one cent the slice. Mexican money, of course, is employed, but they are so close to the border that our American coins are current, and the price in these is always just one-half what it would be in the Mexican.

Candied pumpkin, in rich brown treacle, and the chili, which resembles a long okra (which opens when ripe, exposing the white seeds inside), as well as red peppers and dried beans and okra itself, are everywhere. Then there are stands of water-jugs made of the brown, native pottery and tiny little jugs and jars for the doll-houses, in white and maroon. Tied to the different stalls frequently, will be a pair of wiry game-cocks, prepared to fight whenever their masters can arrange a match.

Peanut sellers are everywhere—these and venders of what appear to be curiously carved rattles, but which, in reality, are sticks for stirring chololate. Another feature of this market are the bunches of clean, tiny brooms, about the size of a shaving-brush,

but bound about in gay paper, and none of them over six inches in length.

There is a restaurant here in the heart of the market and if we wish we can partake of extremely thin white



MARKET SCENE AT JUAREZ

pancakes which will be served in stacks right on the table itself; they are used to absorb the red, well spiced gravy of the meat.

From the market to the prison is no far cry, and we will rather enjoy walking past the pompous sentries into the interior court of the jail, upon which the several cells open. Aside, however, from the meager furnishings, these recall so much of what we saw on our LITTLE JOURNEY TO MEXICO as not to hold us long.

Those of us, too, who did not make that other LITTLE JOURNEY will want to take a peep inside the Mission church, and after that at the great bull-ring. As these, however, are identical with that we have already seen, we can spare them but little space in our note-books.

Returning in the electric cars to the United States, we note a clever idea—the placing of advertisements in the handles of the straps for passengers who are forced to stand.

THE LAND OF GEMS

IN EL PASO again we will want to watch some turquoise lapidary at work, for some of the finest turquoise in the world come from this region. The wonderful Tiffany mine is not many miles away. If we had time we should enjoy a visit to this treasure house, for it would remind us of the cavern where Ali Baba found the loot of the forty thieves. Only a certain number of months of each year do the Tiffanys work this mine, in order to keep down the supply, and then, for the rest, the great iron door, which closes the entrance to it, is kept locked and closely guarded.

Turquoise are mined either right on the surface of the earth or as far down as a hundred and fifty feet. After blasting the rock, it is broken into smaller nuggets, and these are sorted then into any one of six different grades, according to purity and the shade of blue.

The matrix or foreign substance found in the turquoise frequently appears in very curious forms—trees, rivers, even indistinct shapes of animals being found—and, in larger stones, this is much coveted. A

stone the size of a robin's egg, and abounding in such figures, is cheap, the lapidary tells us, at forty dollars.

We enjoy watching him first cut the raw material, then rough down the stone on a carborundum wheel, and after that, when perhaps two-thirds the original weight of the stone is gone, polishing on wheels of varying grits down to the finest. It would take per-



THE PROSPECTOR

haps two hours to see him finish a stone, fresh from the mine, but we do not care to linger so long.

What claims to be a ranch outfitting store next attracts our eye. When we get inside we find that it costs more than we supposed for a cowboy to "rig up" in style. For state occasions, the cowboy invests in the

most expensive luxuries. Stirrups which are silver plated and cost ten dollars apiece, while the ordinary ones cost but fifty cents; spurs for the same price, often inlaid with gold, and hats encircled with cord on cord of silver rope, which are considered cheap at fifty to seventy dollars, these are just a few of their extravagances. Moreover, the pistols, carbines, and the like, also cost not a little, so that the cowboy is far from realizing the idea we had formed of his primitive poverty. Even for his most ordinary attire, it costs, we are told, as much as eighty dollars to fit out the vaquero from head to foot.

THE GREAT SMELTERS

WE ARE here in the heart of the mining region, and while there are no mines close by, a car marked "Smelter," happening along seems to indicate something of interest. Boarding it, we are given another opportunity of seeing the neat little homes of El Paso, with the ladies cycling about on the pavements, and the Mexicans plodding countryward. Arrived at our destination, we see that the huge smelter stands on a bluff, but cannot obtain admission to it.

We return in time for our evening meal, and after supper we walk cross to Juarez, where there is always something unique to interest us. Our pocketbooks suffer from these expeditions, for the souvenirs are well-nigh irresistible.

The next morning the breakfast surprises us. There is such an air of simplicity about the hotel, with its negro waiters and the like, that we feel we may venture on ordering a hearty meal. The bill, however, is

enormous. Strawberries are twenty-five cents for each portion, a grapefruit is the same price. Mackerel, too, cost a quarter, and even eggs, less than three of which



A DESERT MINE

they will not serve, bring the same price. We realize that we are going west, where not only wages but prices are different.

We have still all the morning to spend as we may in El Paso. Again and again, however, our steps lead across the border to the interesting sights which Juarez affords.

WESTWARD HO!

AT TWENTY minutes to three we find ourselves once more aboard the train, bound "westward ho!"

Great flats of sand-hills and sage brush stretch off from the Rio Grande, which is here a narrow stream disappearing among the foot-hills. Then there follow only endless wastes of pure white sand, on which grows nothing but the low sage brush. In places this sand has been beaten by the wind into perfect, rib-like waves. Low weeds grow in the gullies between them.

For miles and miles this desert—a desert such as we have imagined the Sahara, stretches on and on, the buttes of sand scintillating in the sunlight. Not till we reach Pelea is there a lone station, in the heart of the sand wastes which then stretch off as far as the eye can see on every hand. Occasionally some high peak rises in this desert, seeming actually to quiver in the heat, as we view it from a crack in the shades, drawn at each opened window.

When at last the distant mountains appear on the scene, a delightful breeze sweeps in through the windows, and the part of the desert which we are now traversing, is varied with a brown grass, some sage, and innumerable dried yucca blooms, and does not seem quite so dreary. But we wonder how in the pioneer days people could find courage to cross these miles of sandy waste, and we admire their daring, which we are now able to appreciate.

There is always something to interest in the desert. In places, for example, the sand seems covered over with a melted pitch, as though to keep it from shifting. At other points, the wind has made regular cuttings with results resembling greatly the cliff-dwellings of New Mexico. Ever on the right lies a mountain range, the bare mountains either purple or gray or both, as the

sun plays upon them, or seeming to reflect the clear blue of the sky. Then there are undulating barrens, likewise formed by the wind, where there is absolutely nothing in sight but a few green yuccas.

By and by, away off on the horizon, a great herd of ponies is visible. Later there are some goats. Then we know we are near a desert settlement, Strauss (Strow-ss). As outpost to Lanark (Lan'-ark), another



BURNING SOTO WEED

of these lonely towns, too, we see far away, a cowboy on his horse among the cacti.

Pretty soon there are some ranges—ranges of thousands of acres—on which mighty herds are grazing. Each of these has its ranch-house and one long, poorly whitewashed shed containing a series of

rooms for the "greasers" just behind the railway station. The desert is changing to prairie, and there is mesquite again. On the far distant mountains, snow is visible. So we know we are approaching a change in the landscape.

At about half-past five the sun sinks behind the far mountains, where the snow is lying. This sunset at the edge of the prairie reminds us of those at sea.

OUR AMERICAN HOLLAND

AT ABOUT six o'clock, hundreds of windmills appear, and on the desert prairie a miniature Holland seems to unfold before us.

There is, however, this difference that whereas in Holland they use the mills to get rid of overabundant water, here they cannot have a similar object, for water is still at a premium.

We will get off and investigate. The first result of our investigation is to discover that we are no longer in Texas, but in the Territory of New Mexico, one of the two great territories destined to become our next states.

We have anticipated with some fear our nights in these small towns of the territories, for at home we always associate this part of our country with the bluff, sharpshooting ranger, ready to use his rifle on the least provocation, and with the unfriendly "Mexican," who has crossed the border for the good of no one but himself.

We are, therefore, agreeably surprised to find away out here in Deming, a nice modern hotel, with even the luxury of electric light.

In the twilight we walk up the main street of the

town to see where Shakspere lives—for Deming has an editor by that name, whose residence is pointed out to strangers to amuse and puzzle them. We, however, are glad to secure this peep into a typical, better-class



WINDMILLS AT DEMING

home of the territories. The home of this gentleman is the usual one-story edifice with a low, cozy central hall, in which a stove burns merrily. A pair of steer horns serving as hat racks, show us we are still close to the cattle country.

Of course, we ask the Colonel about the curious windmills and learn that down beneath Deming (Dem-ing'), there flows a so-called "lost river," whose source is somewhere in the Mimbres (Mim'-bers)

Mountains. By sinking a well fifty or sixty feet, connection is made with this stream, and water in paying quantity is procured. After the well has been sunk, windmills are set up over it, the wind serving to pump the water into storage-tanks, usually just beside them, but sometimes on the house itself; from these tanks it flows as desired.

FREE LAND

FROM water to land is the usual course of conversation out here in the Territories, and we appreciate how backward this region is in civilization, when we are told that within three miles of town there is unimproved land, which we could obtain from the government practically free, if we would undertake to settle upon it, under the Homestead Acts. As soon as water can be brought to this same land, it jumps in value to something like fifty dollars the acre. All manner of schemes are being devised to procure the precious water, one of the latest being an appliance whereby compressed air should force it out of the earth, as dirt is extracted from a carpet by the new "on-the-floor" cleaning process.

Another feature of the Southwest that the people who drop in to meet us dwell upon, is the wonderful change that has taken place in the climate in the last few years. It appears that it has rained continuously every day throughout the past winter, and the rainfall each winter of the last six years has been greater than any preceding year.

Of course, now that we are in the Territories, we shall want to hear how they feel as to the question of whether they shall become States or not. We learn

that here in New Mexico, the people are quite willing to be joined into one State with Arizona, rather than not come into the Union at all. Arizona, however, is rather more particular, and as we shall find, resents this idea. Arizona has great mining and railway interests that are especially opposed to such a union, and so will fight it to the end. The plea against making a single state of New Mexico, they tell us, is that though she has a population of only about two hundred and eighty thousand people, she would have two Senators in Washington, and this would be unfair to a great State like New York, with its millions of people, who likewise have but two representatives in the Upper Congressional house.

Nevertheless, the people of the Territories we find to be quite as good a class of people as that of the States, and we cannot blame them when they demand representation, and are unwilling to be regarded merely as the wards of the nation. We are strengthened in our sympathy with them when we hear how poorly some of the laws apply to them, so that they have good reason to doubt whether Congress ever reads half the rules it passes for their "benefit." They tell us they want a voice, too, in electing their officers, for as it is now, all their executives as well as the judiciary are appointed.

It is a lovely starry night when we leave the Colonel's for our hotel, but so pitch dark that we stumble and grope wildly. Suddenly a voice out of the shrubbery startles us. It is a young man with a buggy who having gone to make a "call" and found his young lady friend absent, invites us to take her place in his buggy,

and ride back to town. While we ride toward Deming, he talks of the days when General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," was governor of New Mexico, telling anecdotes he has heard from his father. Then he offers some cider from a jug under the seat and while we indulge, he tells of his late feats of catching mountain lions, and we feel that we are still in the wild, wooly West.

A NEW-MEXICAN TOWN

WHEN day comes and we begin to ramble about in Deming, we will be disappointed, although it is a typical New Mexican town.

The houses, almost without exception, are one or two-story frame, each with a front porch set level with the garden, this garden being a mere mass of sand, in which low bare trees, or great cacti thrive, while here and there a few *arbor-vitæ* are sprouting. Every garden has its windmill and tank.

The streets are wide and of sandy mud, the sidewalks are of the same. All around outside is the prairie with the mesquite, the crows and the sage brush.

Having seen all there is to be seen, which is certainly not much, we saunter down to the station. Some Mexican soldiers, some Indians and a number of rough-looking Americans lounge about, as they do on the stage in all popular Southwestern plays.

By and by the train arrives, and we start on again toward the West. We traverse an endless sandy plain of gray sage-brush, with only an occasional green palm or shrub. Now and then, far off in the distance, a coyote (*ki-o-tee'*) will seem to be racing the train, then

these animals sink into the horizon. Vast areas of the desert are almost snow-white and covered densely with a strange, gray-white weed; here and there cattle are to be seen, and now and then some lone bull's skeleton lies bleaching on the plains.

THE FAMOUS MINES OF LORDSBURG

OUR ride is not really a long one, for we are bound for Lordsburg, the heart of a great mining country. Fifty-seven railway cars, holding 35,700 pounds of ore apiece, roll by as we pull into the station.



OPENING A GOLD MINE IN THE DESERT

Lordsburg we find to be a straggling one-street town that does not appear very safe. However, by the time we discover this fact, the train is gone and we must

make the best of it. As a matter of fact, we will find ourselves just as safe down here as anywhere else, as long as we obey the great axiom of the Southwest—to mind our own business.

The hotels in this part of the country are distinctive. The lower floor is occupied by stores. We climb a flight of stairs in the center of the building to the second story, where a small register stands in the hall from which the rooms lead off.

In Lordsburg itself, as in most of these mining towns, there is nothing to see. There are exactly twelve houses—a hotel, a bakery, a flour mill, and a general store (the latter with the clocks in the window turning their backs to the street), a post-office, express company and telegraph office, and the rest saloons in which the roulette-wheels and card tables are never idle.

We want to see the famous New Mexican mines, and so engage a buggy. Our driver is a so-called "mine watcher," his duty being to live in mines temporarily closed, while the owners go about securing more money to dig deeper, and to prevent the expensive machinery from being carried off, piece by piece, as it would be with no one to guard it.

As we ride out into the desert, we learn much from the driver about the manner of life of the miners and prospectors.

It appears that prospectors, as the hunters after mines are termed, when once they find indications that promise rich ore, will buy the claim; that is a stretch of land fifteen hundred feet in one direction by six hundred in the other. If the ore here promises to be rich, and is, say, copper, this will cost about a hundred

dollars. Often more gold and lead than copper will be found in such a claim.

Of course this staking of a claim is largely a matter of luck, the prospector judging of what lies deep in the earth by what is seen on the surface. The owner, for perhaps months before, has gone about alone or with an



STAKING A CLAIM

assistant, and with pick and shovel has struck at the ledges and dug down as far as he could by hand. Then, if he found, ore that seemed to pay, he set up a windlass, perhaps six feet tall, and taking nearly a whole day to get into operation. A rope and bucket were then attached to this, and the dirt windlassed out, until the prospector could descend into his "mine" a

distance of perhaps fifty feet. During all this time he has been living quite a hermit's life and subsisting on nothing better than beans, bacon, and coffee—the latter sweetened with a little sugar and the whole kept tied to one of the ponies' sides.

Probably the prospector soon realizes that his "strike" is no strike at all; so he gives up. On the other hand, he may still feel encouraged. If so, he then erects a steam or gasoline hoisting engine, and continues for say ten or a dozen feet beyond; and if then there is no ore, and the indications are not exceptionally good, he will stop.

If, however, ore is "struck," the man proceeds to sell his claim to whoever he can induce to buy it. If the ore "runs" as much as twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a ton, he may get a thousand dollars for it.

When such a claim is bought, the new owner brings out a gang of about ten men, regular miners or drillers, and "muckers," or shovelers, who sink a shaft at the rate of from six inches to two feet a day. In this way it takes about thirty days to get a fair mine in running order, so that the ore can be taken out.

Meantime we have been riding over the low pebble-strewn desert that goes to make up the "Foothills of New Mexico."

By and by we come to a number of adobe huts, with Mexican children playing about and Mexican women idle in the doorway. These are miners' homes and indicate the presence of a mine. Beyond will be a long boarding-house for the officers of the concern and after that a rough shed over the hoisting machinery.

If we have sufficient nerve, we will then step into

what resembles nothing so much as a barrel-shaped kettle, at the end of a cable. The signal is given, and whizz! down we go a thousand, two thousand, three thousand feet, into night and cold, to where the miners are at work in the galleries, picking the ore from the rock, shoveling it into cars, and then loading into kettles such as we came down in, for hoisting to the surface, for mining is very primitive in its methods down here.

From that mine we can go on to another and another and so on indefinitely. Here in the desert, mines are everywhere, and almost every sand-hill hides one from view.

Where there are not mines, there will often stand, right in the sand, a little pile of boulders, marking the corner of some man's claim. Again, at other places, one sees deep pits in the desert, that show where the prospector has given up in disgust.

THE CACTI

ANOTHER thing that interests us out here on the desert, is the endless variety of cacti.

They are of every sort, from long spiny rods, that look like serpents with thorns in their sides, to great ball-shaped or oval plants, that blossom in gorgeous colors. The "dagger," however, is, with the yucca plant, the most common of all. To these the prospectors and miners set fire, and cook their coffee over the blaze or warm their hands at it in the chill of early morning on the desert.

We take down the different names of the cacti as given by our driver—the "corn-cob" and the "prickly

pear," the "oketare" (oh-ke'-tare) and the stingare (stin'-ga-ree) and goodness knows how many more.

We could go on farther still into the desert, to more mines and among more claims, but should only find a repetition of what we have seen.



THE CACTI

We therefore direct our guide to drive us back again to Lordsburg in season for the afternoon train.

Our route now takes us through Stein's Pass, at an altitude of forty-three hundred feet above the sea, and then down grade into Arizona.

ARIZONA, THE INTERESTING

SUDDENLY every eye in the car turns toward the window and every neck is craned to obtain a glimpse of

the Chiricahue (Kiri'-ka-hue) Mountain range that borders the track. Of course, like the rest, we want to see Cachise (Ka-cheese'), the fierce Apache (Ah'-pach-e) chieftain, who lies along their tops. It is wonderful—this profile of a sleeping Indian brave, made by the contour of the peaks—it reminds us of the profiles in the White Mountains which we visited on our LITTLE JOURNEY TO NEW ENGLAND.

The conductor calls "Bowie" (Boo'-e), and we know we are now in Arizona (Ah-ree-zon'-ah).

Those of us who have seen the play by that name, expect to find the vaqueros and the soldiers, and the Indians everywhere. And the name of this stopping place certainly suggests bowie-knives and the like!

From Bowie, we can make some interesting side-trips from the main trunk of railway. The first of these is to the Apache Reservation, where there are still hundreds of the braves and their squaws, living in a semi-civilized state. Some of the younger Apaches are model gentlemen, and as many of them possess a fair amount of money, they dress well, and, but for their very dark skins, might be taken for any other young men of refinement. On the reservation, too, we will find Geronimo (Heh-ro'-nee-moh), the famous warrior, still held as a Federal captive, and still fierce of eye and quick of hand as he was when younger, and when the names of Geronimo and of Sitting Bull struck terror to every heart in the West.

We can also make a run up into the Gila (He'-la) Valley to Globe, where there are other famous copper mines. These trips we find worth while, as at each

mine visited we learn some new feature of the work of extracting ore from the earth.

A new feature of transportation is now attached to our train, one which we have not met on any of our former LITTLE JOURNEYS, but specimens of which are numerous out in the West and attract our notice. This is the tourist car, a cheap sort of sleeping car, adapted particularly to home-seekers, especially to those



COMING FOR THE PAPERS, NEW MEXICO

with little children, who go with their families out into the West, as did the pioneers, to found new homes. For their benefit, at one end of the car there is a stove where meals may be prepared, and there is always hot water and the like, so that the home-seekers, who usually

occupy one car for several days at a time, remind us a good deal of the second-cabin passengers on an ocean liner.

SAND STORMS AND MIRAGES

WE THOUGHT we knew the desert before, but here in Arizona we become acquainted with one more phase—the sand storms. Luckily, for us, we are not out in them, for the sand taken up by the wind and whirled over those plains stings as though each particular grain were a keen-edged knife-blade. It sifts through clothing, shoes, everything—and there is little relief.

Another peculiarity of the Arizona desert is the frequent mirages of lakes or pools, or groves of trees are refracted on the stretches of snow-white alkali, which, in the distance, turns to blue, and seem to make one tremendous lake. The bluish sheen is beautiful, but when we realize how tantalizing these illusions must have been to those for whom no water was at hand, we appreciate once more the fortitude it required to cross the desert in early days.

Even now* we pass a prairie-schooner, a canvas-covered wagon drawn by mules, plodding slowly along on a trail parallel with the railway. Undoubtedly a trip of that kind is a hardship, but the people of to-day have this advantage over their predecessors—that they need not fear dying of thirst. Throughout the Southwest, it is a law that whenever anyone runs short of water in any place, and really considers his life in danger, he has the right to flag a train of any sort and exact the beverage, at a fair price. An incident of this

*January, 1906, to be exact.

sort will occur to us later, while crossing the Mojave (Mo-ha-vay) Desert, we do but anticipate it here.

Everyone is talking of the mines of this vicinity, and wherever there is a halt, we see the rough-looking, queerly clad miners. At Benson we stop for some time, while people leave for or get on from Guaymas (Gway-mus), in Lower California, where the recent mining troubles occurred. One hears of gold and silver and copper and lead, until it would seem there was nothing else in the world.

We take our supper in the dining-car, and then ride on into the night. It is only half-past eight when Tucson is reached, but it is inky dark. That is the peculiarity of these starry southwestern nights.

TUCSON

WE LEAVE some of our baggage in the station at Tucson (Toc-sun), safely checked, and start across the street to where lights are burning brightly. From what we have seen of the other "towns" down here, we think this is the main street, and prepare to take lodging in one of the hotels.

Luckily a stranger observes us and advises us not to do so. "There are better hotels above," he says, "if you went to sleep here, you might awake either absolutely penniless, drugged and on the street, or maybe even in heaven."

We think that perhaps he is working in the interests of some other hotel, which may prove even worse than these. So we continue on toward the lodging-places. On closer approach we see that he is right, for here in Tucson there are still some of the dangerous "resorts"

that once made the Southwest notorious. Just to pass them, and peep in through the windows at the characters at the bar, and the roulette tables, and at the men gathered at poker, is an experience so typically Southwestern that we are sincerely glad to have had it. At the same time we will go elsewhere to sleep.

We come to a magnificent hotel, a finer structure than we had thought possible in this part of the world. But even there, before they give us the room, a great burly negro steward looks under the bed and in the



MAIN STREET, TUCSON

closet, to make sure that no one is hidden there, notices are posted in the room directing the guests to lock and bar the door. It gives us a thrill that is just sufficiently "scary" to make us appreciate danger.

When we go out on the main street of Tucson, the next morning, we will be forced to remark what a large proportion of its citizens have dark skins, and we also observe the number of consumptives who have come out here for their health. In the doorways of small, but very modern stores, these people gather, talking loudly, as is their way.

Again we hear of statehood, and this time from the standpoint of Arizona. Arizona has only a hundred and seventy-five thousand people who count—they tell us—while New Mexico has four hundred thousand. If the two went into one state, and majority ruled, Arizona would have to simply do as the New Mexican pleased. Hence they are opposed to joint statehood.

At Tucson we will find the rooms of the Arizona Pioneer Club especially interesting, not only on account of the numerous maps, and the photographs and cases of books they contain, but also because of the queer characters who constantly gather here to recount "old times."

As we enter, one of them is just telling a typical incident. His name was Williams and he came to Tucson as a grocer in the sixties. Sugar then was six and a half cents the pound in New York, but it cost him twenty cents in addition to ship it out here, for it had to be taken by rail to Cheyenne (Shy'-n) and from there carried by prairie schooners. Furthermore, when he "ran out," he had to wait sixteen months for a fresh supply.

Then another will recall the "Vigilance Committee," as a certain general committee of citizens was called,

which used to take the law into its own hands when the members thought the officials did not properly execute it, and how this committee went to the jail one night, took a murderer out, and hanged him to a tree, without a hand being raised to prevent it.

We observe a peculiarity in the roofs of Tucson. All of them, even those of the stores, project over the



FAMOUS TUCSON SALOON

sidewalk, so as to give a shade when the sun is hottest. These, and the waterspouts of tin, about a foot in length, which likewise protrude most noticeably, are characteristic of Tucson houses.

Many of the gardens of Tucson have magnificent palms and cacti. Unfortunately, however, there is little grass.

A CAR RIDE WITH AN INDIAN CONDUCTOR

THE single street car of Tucson, drawn by two mules, comes along, and we step aboard. The conductor, who is also the driver, is an Indian—a full-blooded one, but he speaks English well, and takes pleasure in showing us the points of interest on the road.

These are indeed not numerous, and consist chiefly of an endless number of adobe buildings, in the grassless yards. At the end of the route, however, is the University of Arizona, situated in one of the finest cactus-gardens in the world. The various edifices of the University are built in a Moorish style of architecture, that is especially attractive here. The male students that we see, one and all wear uniforms, for this is one of the many universities throughout the country which receive support from Uncle Sam, on condition that military drills be maintained.

From the University we stroll over to the Indian school, a two-story frame building, to which our attention is drawn by a number of Indian lads, felt hats upon their coal-black hair, hopping about on one foot at their play. These Indians are principally Papagos (Pap-pay'-goes) and Pemas (Pea-mahs), who are brought here by their parents when about seven years old, and are kept for eight full years. During this time half the day's work consists of study, the other of industrial work. The girls are taught to cook plain food, and make their own clothing; the boys learn irrigation, ranching, and, if they show any inclination for such a trade, carpentry.

Now and then the parents visit the children, bringing them presents from the Reservation. Nevertheless,

the young Indians take to white men's ways, and soon even most of their old games are forgotten.

THE OLD SOUTHWEST

RETURNING to the city by another route, we see some names that seem typical of the West as represented in the various illustrated journals.

We see the signs of the Ramona Hotel, the Cactus Saloon, the Ostrich Restaurant, and such like, each more rough and wild than the other. A company of



PONY EXPRESS TODAY

miners, bound for the Gould mines, have stopped in one of these, and their voices fill the air with riot.

In the afternoon we will drive nine miles out into the back country to San Xavier (Savior) Mission, one of the finest of the old missions still extant. The site of this church was visited by Coronado (Kor-oh-nay'-do) as far back as 1539, when the country swarmed with Pimas and Papagoes and Coco-Maricopas (Ko-ko-Marry-ko'-paws). In 1732, Father Segasser (Say'-gos-sehr), a German priest, who was famous in the Southwest, took charge of the old church, and services have been held ever since to this day. In fact, originally, Tucson was simply a sort of supply-ranch where cereals and stock were left to be forwarded to the mission, and where neophytes were quite generally recruited.

At supper we will have as table companion a gentleman bound for the famous Yaqui (Yah-kee) gold fields, in Mexico, where so many serious riots and so much bloodshed have occurred, and which are readily reached from this city.

At twenty minutes to nine we again board the train for the next point of any interest, Yuma, which we reach at a quarter past six the next morning.

THE HOTTEST PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

YUMA has the distinction of being the hottest place in the United States. The temperature will often rise to a hundred and ten or twelve, and there is practically no shade to flee to. As, however, Yuma (You'-mah) contains too much of interest for us to pass it by, we resolve to brave the heat.

As the train pulls in we see on all sides the Indians, the Yumas, in their gay garments, with blankets wound



ON THE BRIDGE, YUMA

round their heads and shoulders, despite the torrid climate. Straw hats and jeans mark the Yuma

"bucks," while the little papposes go about with as little clothing as is at all permissible.

Just across the Colorado (Kol-o-ray-do) River here at Yuma lies the Yuma Reservation, which we will find a most interesting place to visit. The Yumas live here in almost primitive state, building wicki-ups or cabins of a wattling of boughs and branches about four feet square. They extend a roof of these boughs out over the front of the cabin, to two slender poles, for supports. Under this extension, the women and children squat, lounging principally, but now and then bringing out the loom, and working on blankets or garments. At other times one sees them cooking in a great iron kettle over the fire, just as Indians were represented as doing in the books we read in childhood.

Of course there is a large Indian school at Yuma, where things are far more modern, but the Superintendent tells us that when the children leave the school and return to the wigwams, the elders scoff at the new ways they have learned, and soon cause them to return to the old life.

Those of us who made the LITTLE JOURNEY TO TURKEY AND THE BALKANS will be interested in the prison here at Yuma. It lies at the upper end of town, and is entered through the court-house, a low building with a central doorway leading into a sort of lobby. On the right is the courtroom furnished with a few plain chairs and a table, to the left offices open. In the rear is an enclosed courtyard, and opposite the entrance a great door of heavy iron bars which marks the gaol. Inside that door, as in the Turkish prisons,

all the prisoners are gathered, regardless of the offense they may have committed.

We should like very much to board one of the steamers which run from here to the Gulf of California, by the way of the Colorado River, but this, we find on inquiry, the depth of water does not now



INDIAN WIGWAM, YUMA

permit. We then inquire, about going in the other direction, to the Laguna (La-goo'-nah) Dam, where the government is building the second largest dam in the world. This great waterway is copied after that of the Nile, and those of us caring at all for engineering can not afford to miss it. The river route is here, too, unavailable, so we will go by wagonette.

STAGING IT IN THE DESERT

THIS gives us an opportunity to "stage" it once again in the desert, and to ride across a goodly portion of the Yuma Reservation. The corrals (kore-rells) for the horses on this latter, are built without roof (for it never rains here), the signs forbidding trading with the Indians, or selling them liquor of any sort, the occasional Indian boy, riding by on his pony, makes us fully realize that this is now the veritable "West." Indian bucks are numerous, but as they braid their hair be-



INDIAN GIRLS AT SCHOOL, YUMA

hind, and as many of them wear blankets, we find it difficult to tell the men from the women as we approach from the rear.

We find that this part of the Arizona desert is devoid

of cacti, and that it contain only the myrtle-like arrow weed which rises higher than the stage in perfect glades, giving shelter to countless coveys of quail. Great, thorny bushes, too, tear at the canvas sides of the stage as we dash across the desert.

When we come to the dam itself, we will be surprised at its immensity, and at the same time at its simplicity. So far as we can see, it is one huge oval valley, down which run three concrete parallel walls, between which rock is being thrown and pounded in for a bottom. The surface of these rocks will be cemented over so as to form a vast though rather shallow basin. In course of time, however, the surrounding mountains will form the natural boundaries to this gigantic dam, so that there can be no possibility of its ever overflowing, and, at the same time, there will remain a natural dam over twelve miles long.

The miniature city which has sprung up here on the desert interests us also. There are hundreds of men employed on the work out in these wilds, so that every phase of life must be provided for. There is a police force, and even a hospital, to say nothing of smithies, bakeries, and the like. We can, by observing this camp, picture to ourselves the settlements that were formed when the transcontinental railroads were built, and from which many of our present western cities have sprung.

What little time we have on our return to Yuma, we spend in sauntering over to the territorial prison, a queer-looking structure on the heights—that seems to be all walls and no windows, but which, likewise, encloses a court. We also visit the Indian reservation.

On this latter, however, we shall have to beware of the "quick-sand," a chocolate-colored mud that seems very dry until we step on it, when it will engulf us in very short order.

We retire early for we are to leave at quarter to four in the morning. Our next stopping place was to



INDIAN HOME NEAR YUMA

have been Salton (Saul-tun), where salt was once taken from the desert. The Colorado River, however, saw fit to change its course, about six months before our LITTLE JOURNEY was begun, wiping out the town and leaving the railway to rebuild its track twice, thrice, and even a fourth time—moving before the

vast, ever encroaching water; consequently there is now no Salton to visit.

Instead, we determine on a side trip into the Imperial Valley. We have an enjoyable ride through the great sand deserts, whose whiteness reminds us of the shore of New Jersey, and again over veritable waves of brown sand, where the great sand-storms wage merry warfare. We note that as the winds are all from the south, and as there is no sod to stay its progress, the sand is shifted constantly on and on, in one invariable direction, to the utter destruction of all vegetation or of any other objects in its path.

On the north the Chocolate Mountains rise, with their wealth of gold and silver, and we are interested in watching the dawn on thier peaks.

Then the brakeman calls "Old Beach," and we disembark.

BELOW SEA-LEVEL ON THE SEASHORE

WE ARE here just two hundred and forty-nine feet below the level of the sea, at a distance of 1,822 miles from New Orleans. We stand here on the old beach of the ocean—that is to say, the beach that was in prehistoric times.

We are to take a side spur of the railway here to visit the "Baby Cities." First of all, however, we will have breakfast in a Mexican shack that serves as station. Only ham and eggs are procurable, and for these they charge us half a dollar.

By and by our train, composed half of freight and half of passenger cars, comes along, bound for Imperial.

THE STORY OF WATER

ABOARD once again, every one is talking irrigation. We never heard so much about it in our lives before. We learn that in 1892 the vast scheme of irrigation and reclamation of the Imperial Valley was begun, and in 1900 the vast work that has converted the desert into a garden, was actually started.

The Colorado River, at a point eight miles beyond Yuma was made to yield the main supply of water to



FALLS IN IRRIGATION CANALS

a great system of canals, which were built to reach everywhere into the desert, so that as much as ten thousand cubic feet of water could be taken from the stream every second. In fact, a head-gate was constructed

capable of carrying fifteen thousand cubic feet of water.

The water that could be diverted, however, varied with the seasons. That was why the Colorado River was so particularly valuable. You got the greatest amount of water just when you needed it most, i. e., in the summer season. In this respect the stream is unlike any other in the Southwest.

To husband and distribute the water, a main canal two hundred feet wide at the mouth was built and from it others and others, and still others! To give all the statistics they tell us of these would be tiresome. suffice it to say that already eight hundred miles of canal have been dug and two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land have been made irrigable.

Before the water came, furthermore, land was sold at a dollar and a quarter the acre—when you could find a buyer. Now some of it, worth a hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre, is taken the moment it is put on sale.

And, crops! Why it seems as though they could raise everything out here! Not one only—but two, three, four, six, yes even seven crops—notably of alfalfa—a year! All in what was once an arid desert.

On our ride over the irrigated region, we shall be interested in watching the spouting of the mud-volcanoes, in the distance, which remind us of those in Iceland. We will be even more interested in seeing how the desert has changed into a garden. Meantime, however, we feel a certain dryness on our lips, and moisten them with the tongue. In a few moments they are drier still, and ever drier. Drawing out a pocket-glass

we find them almost black, and ready to crack. We are alarmed until a companion assures us that this is simply the effect of the alkali in the air, and occurs to all "tenderfeet" in the desert.

At eleven o'clock we leave the train at Calexico (Kal-ex'-e-ko). The name sounds queer and we analyze it. Cal—exico. The one from "California" the other from "Mexico." Shortly afterward, we come to Mexicali (Mex'-e-kahl-e), where the syllables are just reversed. It reminds us of Kenova (Ken-oh'-vah), at the junction of Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia.

ON THE FRONTIER

ONCE again we are on the frontier of the United States, where the custom-house flag floats proudly over a neat little station of the Treasury Department.

Here in Calexico we get our first peep at a "baby" city, for Calexico is not yet five years old. The price of town lots, however, in this place is from six to eight hundred dollars, and out in the "country" you cannot get land for less than forty or fifty dollars an acre. Everywhere neat little homes have sprung up, and when the trees are large enough to yield shade, this "baby city" will be decidedly pretty.

We can secure a carriage here to take us over the great system of canals and ditches of this famous district.

Just where we leave the city behind, there is a little park, with date palms flourishing nicely, and an Indian leaning over the rail. This scene recalls to us the early frontier days, and the stories of Ellis and Lounsberry. To heighten the association, there is the long row of

stores of the "Mexicali Commercial Co.," that recall the establishments of the great Dutch East India Company, and the Hudson Bay Company, and like enterprises



TRANSPORTATION IN NEW MEXICO

that helped to colonize the eastern coast of the continent almost four centuries ago.

At the same time, however, the presence on every side of restaurants where ice-cream soda is served, of barber poles, pool tables and modern awnings indicates that times have changed.

By and by we are out in the green harvested meadows of what was but recently a desert. Canals, lined with correls, 'dobe houses, and the like are everywhere. Five years ago, when the first yard of dirt was dug, there was not a drop of water here, and supplies had to

be carried to the workmen from the main branch of the railway. In fact, when the little town was founded, in 1901, freight teams, much like the "schooner" we shall see at Sacramento, had to carry supplies forty-one miles.

We have heard long ago of the immensity of enterprises out west. In Texas we thought we realized this. Here, however, we find ourselves still more amazed. One company, for instance, has ten thousand acres of land on one side the road, fifty thousand on the other, and five hundred thousand acres below, awaiting irrigation. Already nine thousand head of cattle are in a five thousand acre range here, and as much land again is under cultivation, planted with corn to fatten these animals. Think of it—nine thousand black and brown cattle in a single field! That is the great Southwest.

We are interested again in the sluggish ditches that are responsible for this growth. We learn that it will require a team and the labor of the men accompanying it for fifty days to build a ten-foot ditch a mile long, and the cost is about three hundred dollars.

Real Indians are employed at the work, and they seem to take to it very nicely.

Another thing that catches our eye as we ride along is the number of muskrat holes in the banks. A single muskrat can do thousands of dollars worth of damage by boring into the dikes, and letting the water through, to overflow the country side. So there are standing rewards to the boys of the Imperial Valley to catch muskrats and bring in their bodies for bounties.

If we drive on until evening, we shall hear a peculiar drumming. There are no frogs in this ditch country,

but a toad living in the water is ubiquitous, and he keeps up his music in the more sluggish bayous.

At twilight, especially, the scene recalls old Indian days. For miles there will be no trace of Man or man's habitation visible, except maybe just on the horizon, where an Indian wick-i-up, stands clear cut against the sky. We, however, will have exhausted this section before sunset; in fact we must be back at Calexico by half-past two, in season for the train.

We wish also still to see the town of Imperial, the most flourishing of the "baby cities." We find it an



RAISING DATES

entirely new, modern settlement of one-story homes. There are wide streets, metal block sidewalks, and one story stores. Everything that modern civilization says

we require seems to be found here. Dressmakers and butchers, oyster and chop-houses, the signs of a "show" that is coming to town, ice-wagons, telephones, and electric lights, as well as penny gum machines attached to the hitching posts—not to mention general stores—all are here. We step into one of the latter to purchase some peanuts and the clerk is whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple-Tree." Even our "rag-time" has reached the far desert.

At the same time, out in the street two cowboys, with great leather stirrups and spurs, and coiled rope at their saddles, are "dancing" their horses as cowboys always do in the stories.

In the evening, at the hotel, we are agreeably surprised at the supper, and after that at the quiet prevailing in town. Some of the men gather at the hotel to play cards, but in a quiet, gentlemanly manner.

THE LAND OF THE YOUNG MEN

THE next day we will visit some of the famous ranches of the Imperial Valley, this because of a peculiar interest they have for us, as they may be said to embody "young man's land."

Dozens of young college students from all over the country have come out to the Imperial Valley, have taken up ranches and are making a great success. This is the case, not alone in ordinary, but experimental ranching. One of them, for example, has taken to raising Angora goats, and already hundreds of the little kids are out in the green, rolling meadows. Others are trying rotation of crops—i.e., making the same field produce numerous crops of different sorts

in a single year, one crop exhausts one set of chemicals in the soil, and another another.

We shall be happy to accept the invitation of some of these young collegians, to take dinner with them in their bungalows on the ranches. Possibly, if we are over particular, the dishes might be washed a little



RANCH HOUSE, IMPERIAL VALLEY

cleaner, and we do not altogether relish taking milk with a dipper from the pail, and all that—but otherwise we enjoy the outing very much.

What we admire most of all is their enthusiasm—and that we shall now note as long as we are in California. There is only one other state in the Union where the people are such absolute state patriots, and so constantly singing the praises of their home, and that

is Kentucky. Out here in California they do not discuss the wrongs of government, and the news of the day, and such things, but only and always "wonderful California."

Then, too, the enthusiasm of these young men for their work is remarkable. Some of them have been "ne'er-do-wells, rich men's sons who, not feeling the necessity



ANGORA RANCH

of work, had gone wrong. The wealthy "papa" cut off their supplies and they came out here, and laying aside all their knowledge of algebra, quotations of Sanskrit, philosophy and the like, they are carving success from the desert.

Nor do they let all work and no play make of them

"dull boys." Baseball is played on the valley turn-pikes, sixty-seven feet below the sea level. There are racing matches and athletic contests, but what they delight in most is to come together on one of the irrigation canals with their mandolins, and play "Fair Harvard," or "Hail Stanford," or "Here's to Good Old Yale." Those of us who have made the LITTLE JOURNEY TO NEW ENGLAND will recall how the students at Harvard delight in doing much the same on the Charles.

In the course of our drive among the ranches, we will find that we shall be now in Mexico, now in the United States, now in Mexico again, for the border runs through the valley and we are careless which side of it we may be on. On the American side, however, we shall want to stop for a snap-shot of a grove of African date-palms planted out here and under the care of a government expert, they are now growing with marked success. The younger palms are kept wrapped about with heavy paper, but the older ones spread their graceful fans, and in a short time dates will be sent out from California.

TO DEATH VALLEY FOR HEALTH

AT HALF-PAST three in the morning, we are awakened by our host at Imperial to catch the train for the Junction, where the main road continues on to the coast.

This ride will take us through a deep depression, the bed of an ancient sea, with sulphurous mud and hot water springs, to Salton, where we are 263 feet below the level of the sea. At Salton, until a few years ago

there flourished the not inconsiderable salt industry before mentioned. Then in connection with the building of the canals we just visited, there was dug a channel to divert the waters of the Colorado River. The people digging this canal had reckoned on the usual dry summer in which to do the work. Instead, however, and for the first time in recorded history, there came a



AT LAGUNA DAM, ON THE COLORADO

flood at a most unexpected season. The banks were washed down, the waters rose high, and the entire Salton Valley was flooded.

Nothing could stop those waters. Had there been a town here, the loss of life would have been a repetition of the famous Conemaugh (Kon-a-maw) Valley dis-

aster. As it was, the salt-beds were wiped out and the villagers fled.

Still the waters rose, until they spread into a lake. The railway tracks had to be moved mile after mile, not once, but many times. And the lake, at this writing continues to rise. Already it is fifteen miles in one direction by forty-five in another.

The interesting fact about this lake is that it is the only lake in the Southwest which is so peculiarly situated that it will be self controlled. So great is the heat out in the Salton Valley, that it is calculated that when the waters have spread over an area of say fifty miles by thirty (as the topography of the country indicates they will), the amount of evaporation will exactly equal the inflow, and consequently there will be no further increase in size. Long before this occurs, however, the people of the Southwest hope to have the lake under control.

We rather enjoy our ride along this slowly spreading, silent desolate lake, out here in the desert, despite the knowledge of the havoc it is doing, and has already done. There are no houses on its banks, and but for the telegraph poles rising out of the water, marking the first course of the railway, no trace of Man in the scene. The entire locality reminds us of the dreary Macedonian lakes passed by the train on our LITTLE JOURNEY TO TURKEY.

PALMS IN THE DESERT

FROM twenty-five minutes past six until ten minutes to nine, we follow the shore of the Salton Sea, with nothing more exciting to interest us than

drift, and now and then, a gang of Mexicans at work endeavoring to stem, if possible, the course of the waters. After the lake is passed the desert becomes absolutely white with the alkali, and again as flat as the proverbial pancake.

Then, of a sudden, the brakeman calls "Indio" (In'-dee-oh), the train stops and we are amazed to find ourselves in a grove of luxuriant palm trees. Whence these came, and when, is an unsolved mystery of the



TENTS AT INDIO

desert. That they are a welcome sight, especially to those who have come across the deserts without the excursion into the Imperial Valley, and have, therefore, seen nothing green until now, goes without saying.

We shall make a stop at Indio in order to see the result of a rather unique experiment that is known as going to "Death Valley for health." Aside from the palms, Indio lies in a desert that is much like Death Valley. The air, however, is particularly dry, and so out on the sand of the wastes there has been opened a city of tents, for sufferers from consumption only. These poor people, both men and women, are many of them in either the last stages of the dread disease, or else in a condition which renders it possible to live only if they remain here; they would die almost at once if removed to other altitudes.

The hardest part of the life at Indio, is the lack of amusement. The invalids come to see the train pull in, and then, perhaps, to get their mail. Indio, however, is a very small place and there is not much other distraction. Consequently time hangs heavy and even long walks cannot be indulged in, for on the desert, these are not at all pleasant. Some of the men go hunting, for quail, ducks, or rabbits, but the supply of game is likewise rather limited.

It will not take us long to see this camp, as it is called. The tents are about thirty in number and each is a counterpart of the rest. They have a wooden floor, a double iron bed, an iron cot, and usually a table with a little oil-cloth cover, on which repose a lamp, letters, papers and the like, while beneath are some soap-boxes into which other articles are stowed.

The one lesson, more than any other, that we carry away from the place is to appreciate our health, and the liberty it gives us. To be condemned to spend the remainder of our lives in a spot such as this, to know

that to leave it is to surely bring death upon ourselves, were terrible indeed.

ONWARD INTO REAL CALIFORNIA

FROM Indio, the route lies on, at last, into the real California, namely, that section of the "Golden State" which we always think of on hearing California mentioned.

This is, of course, the "sunshine land," the "land of palms and flowers and fruits," of tourists and good hotels and splendid drives, and a thousand other attractions.

As we enter it, we will bid adieu to the real Southwest. Not, however, without a parting souvenir, for upon our lips a boil is rapidly growing, caused by the alkali in the air of the desert.

On that last ride through the desert, we learn of the region traversed. We did not realize it, but we have been taking a dive below the sea level without getting wet, for out here near Indio, we are as much as twenty feet below the surface of the ocean.

The lack of humidity in this locality, too, is remarkable. If we take a hundred per cent to mean air saturated until it will hold no more water, and zero to represent air that is absolutely without moisture, we will find that the great general average is eighty percent in the Northern Atlantic States. Fifteen percent is rare, and ten percent is rarer, even in arid Arabia, but out here at Indio, they get down as low often as nine percent. In fact, it is stated that there is a rainfall here of but three inches a year.

This will make the transformation, change and con-

trast as we enter the "real" California, all the more wonderful to us.

We note the "lenticulating" of the surface of the desert into oblong mounds, raised above the general level from two inches to two or even three feet, the spaces between the swells being known locally as "hog wallows." For a long time they were thought to have been made by the burrowing of ground squirrels; they are in reality the work of the wind, blowing steadily in one direction against the movable sands.

Already at Beaumont (Bow'-mont) we strike the fruit-belt, and men are down at the station selling oranges at a dime a basket. Everyone buys, so that when, shortly after, the newsboy comes through the cars with his oranges at a nickel apiece, he is literally hooted.

Everything is green here, now, and the verdure is grateful to eyes that have so long been accustomed to desert and sand. We note some little cañons opening off to right and left of the track, and in them hundreds of beehives. This is the beginning of the apiary country of California, and an apiarist in the seat at our side talks entertainingly of bee-culture. As we shall visit the larger apiaries later on in this LITTLE JOURNEY, however, we will postpone his discourse until such time.

It is just noon when our two locomotives bear us through the great orange groves into the station at Colton (Coal'-tun). Here there will be really nothing for us to see, but we dismount, as this is the junction where we change cars for Riverside (as spelled), of which we have heard so much. If we wish to be good to our pocket-books, we may later find it wise to take lodging at Colton, and run back and forth to Riverside at will.

Between trains, we may stroll through Colton with profit. The little stores, each with its bicycle rack at the curb (for the wheel is everywhere in use) are rather interesting. Barbers here, we note, as in New Orleans, insist on leaving a boiling wet rag on the face of the newly shaven, while they prepare the lather and strop their razors. Lunch-wagons, too, we note as being particularly numerous. Although it is now but the 26th of January, the heat is making itself felt and before long we have doffed our winter clothing, which we had donned on quitting the desert, and wear instead the thinnest suits that we can obtain.

THE LAND OF ORANGES

ONCE aboard the little "spur-railway" train, we are in the land of oranges. The great groves stretch off on every hand, the golden fruit peeping out from beneath the glossy leaves. The trees are laden with blossoms, green fruit and ripe fruit—all at the same time. Irrigation canals extend along the groves, and run back in among them, increasing the general beauty of the prospect. In fact, what with the deep leaf shadows and the juicy pendant balls ready for plucking from the cars, we would be glad to continue this ride indefinitely. The speed, however, here is something terrific, and before we would suspect, we are at the world-famous Riverside

RIVERSIDE, THE BEAUTIFUL

FROM our first peep at Riverside, we shall be charmed with the place. Along the main thoroughfare, are handsome, though small, shops where articles to attract

tourists are sold and here great palms have been set at the curb, and often at the inner edge of the sidewalk also. The hotels are in the mission style, and many of them have tempting shops on their lower floors, among which we can loiter. We shall want to buy for fifteen cents, a tiny crate of imitation oranges ready to mail



ORANGE PICKERS CALIFORNIA

home to our friends. If we are thirsty, lemons, too, newly picked, at a dime a dozen, will tempt us. Everywhere notices in regard to lemons and oranges are tacked about, for here is the headquarters of the famous Citrus Union, regulating the sale of these fruits almost all over the world. Real estate agents, too, know the value of the orange, and frequently place an orange twig

in their windows as a sign that they have orange groves for sale.

We linger a moment before a shoe store in which a graphophone is kept playing all day to attract customers; and then board one of the electric cars. The



ENTRANCE TO ESTATE, RIVERSIDE

rear and front of this car are open, the center closed, and it is thus adapted to any kind of weather. A bevy of school children, hatless, and the girls in dainty white frocks, are aboard, just out from school, and they make the ride merry with their pranks.

Everywhere the palms and other foliage are so dense that one can scarce see the magnificent villas that lie behind. Many of these estates are fringed with rows

of the graceful, lacy pepper-trees, which add so much to the beauty of a California landscape. Others stand in a square of open lawn inclosed on three sides by groves of orange trees. Where these dense, shaded groves have the irrigation canals at their borders, and, perhaps, a pepper tree or two at intervals, we are reminded of the villas of the Dutch aristocracy.

By and by we turn into the famous Riverside Boulevard. Trees and oranges alone seem everywhere, and in looking down the side avenues, it would seem that we were simply glancing into arbors that lead to the bleak, bare, and yet beautiful mountains in the dim distance. Down the center of this road, Magnolia Avenue, there extends a long avenue of the pepper trees, each tree set far apart from the rest, in a broad stretch of sod. In this same grass plot, too, telegraph and electric light poles stand. On the right and left of the grass runs the road, bordered by fan-palms or magnolias. In their shadow is the walk, and still beyond is a row of arbor vitæ, behind which are the homes, the churches, and the inevitable orange groves. Here and there, of course, there are variations. At one place the century plant and the fan palm alternate, one with the other, beside the road. At another there is a magnificent avenue of palms, leading up to the house, and down this avenue a company of ladies ride, astraddle, as is the fashion in California.

At the end of the line there is a small ostrich farm, which we will omit, as we shall visit the larger one at Pasadena. There is also a deer lodge with a famous herd of black-tailed Oregon deer. Just across from

these the Sherman Indian School, the property of the Government, is located.

A HANDSOME INDIAN SCHOOL

A LITTLE twelve-year-old Mission Indian boy, named Robert, will be our guide through this institution. Robert takes us first through the largest building, known at the "Tepee," and then through the remaining



SHERMAN INDIAN SCHOOL

structures. In all of these we will find Indian boys and girls, representatives of not less than thirty-two tribes, brought in from Arizona, New Mexico, California and as far north as the State of Washington.

At the Indian School the children study during one-

half of the day, and are instructed in manual training during the other—the boys learning to be farmers, the girls to do housework, sewing, and other feminine work.

In addition, characteristic Indian souvenirs, bead-work and the like are made to be sold to tourists.

As we leave the school we hear the bugles call, and hundreds of children file out—there are about five hundred pupils in all—for the nightly ceremony of saluting the colors.

We have still a little time before evening sets in, and so drop into a neighboring park for a rest. Here we find two old horse cars put to unique uses—one has been made into a deer-house, the other into a roomy pigeon-cote.

RAISING THE ORANGES

BEFORE leaving Riverside, we shall want to visit the famous orange groves, to learn something about orange culture.

The orange trees, we are told, are set out about twenty feet apart in every direction. If raised from the seed, the trees are “budded” the second year. This budding is a peculiar process which produces the now famous “navel or seedless orange.” Right under the top of the leaf-stem on the orange trees, there is a little growth or bud, which would become a small branch if let alone. Instead, however, the orange raisers cut a slit of sufficient size in the main shoot, loosen the bark, and then slip this bud therein, tie it with wax cord, and leave it to grow.

When once this has partly grown out from the main shoot, that main stalk, part of which is above it, is cut

off, and the little slit and bud becomes the main tree. In about three or four years the tree begins to bear fruit, and at the age of fifteen or eighteen years is at its maturity.

Seedling oranges mature at later periods, so that when the navels are out of the market these come in. Consequently many growers here have trees of both sorts.

A good orange tree at Riverside will yield from three to ten boxes a year, which will sell at anywhere from seventy-five cents to two dollars a box, according to the time of year and grade of fruit.

Aside from irrigation and cultivating the ground among the trees—which latter is often effected by planting peas among them, so as to loosen the soil and create a humus—orange culture does not require a vast amount of labor and hence is indulged in by many well-to-do persons, who might not care for other more laborious forms of horticulture or farming.

If we drive out among the groves we will see, here and there, boys picking oranges. For this work they wear a canvas bag about a foot and a half long, held to the belt by a wire at each side. When the bag is full, the boy simply opens a clamp, and the oranges dump themselves into boxes, holding perhaps eighty oranges apiece. The gathering is very simple; they do not break them from the trees, but snip each orange from the stem with a nipper, and then snip the stem to the very end. Otherwise, if a short stem is allowed to remain on the orange in the box, it may prick some other orange and spoil it.

From the pickers the oranges are taken by wagon to

the packing-house where the fruit is rolled into long chutes, similar to those in a long bowling alley. In the bottom of these chutes are holes of various sizes. Through the smallest of these fall, first, naturally, the smaller oranges, as they roll past; then the next size into the next, and so on—thus separating themselves into the bins beneath. All that remains to be done is for girls to wrap the finer qualities about with tissue paper, and to box them for railway shipment.

THE FIRST NAVAL ORANGE

RETURNING to the heart of Riverside, in the grounds of one of the hotels we will see the parent tree of this vast navel orange industry. This tree, and another, were brought by the government from Bahia (Bah-he-a) Brazil, in 1874, and from them, by the process of budding all the navel oranges of California have sprung. No tree, in fact, since the famous miracle-tree of "Yggdrasil," in the Scandinavian myth, has ever yielded as prolifically.

A UNIQUE HOTEL YARD

IN THIS same hotel yard, there will be other things to attract our attention. A bit of wall, built as were the walls of the old Spanish Missions, and containing a series of heavy bells that chime the hours for meals; and a deep old well with a boulder "well-top." Queer flower-pots of cement, on the roof, and a weather-vane in the form of a quaint little monk, are among the most valuable of these. The lobby, too, will delight us, for in addition to being equipped with the heavy mission furniture, there is a shelf running along the wall, at

about half its height, on which all manner of Indian pottery is exhibited. If we take our lunch in this hotel, we will find quite a difference from the big hotels of the east, which difference we shall observe throughout California, and that is that they have waitresses only. Here at Riverside, too, orangeade is served instead of water, at meals.

THE FAMOUS SMILEY HEIGHTS

RETURNING to Colton, we proceed on to Redlands that we may visit the famous Smiley (Smile'-ee) Heights. The distance is not great—we have hardly noted the fertile valley, with its pepper trees and its orange groves, lying between the barren, snow-covered mountains, before Redlands is reached.

Arrived here, we engage a carriage for a drive about the city. The place itself reminds us a good deal of Manchester-by-the-Sea or Magnolia, visited on our other LITTLE JOURNEY—it is a small town that is supported by the rich estates lying all about it. Everywhere there are neat little homes; palms are set between the street and the sunny walk, some low, others very tall; these add greatly to the general beauty. What strikes us as odd, in connection with the cottages, is that the gardens are devoid of sod, but are densely planted with orange and pepper trees.

Our driver speaks enthusiastically of this region. Not less than seven hundred thousand boxes of oranges, he tells us, and about thirty-five thousand boxes of lemons are the yearly output from Redlands.

Then, having pointed out to us Mt. San Bernardino (Bur-nar-dee'-no), rising up 11,800 feet, he proceeds to

tell us of Smiley Heights, toward which we are climbing—the park being at an elevation of about sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Smileys, it seems, are two brothers who have their homes in this vast estate, which they have beautified and then very kindly opened to the public for a park. Everywhere



MIRROR LAKE, SMILEY HEIGHTS

there is the densest shrubbery for background; the most beautiful flowers, laurels, roses, and violets, for foreground. Between these, little rustic summer houses are set, where one may rest and catch bird's-eye views between the foliage, of the groves in the distant valley. Denser and denser does the wild wood become, as one ascends. Then, as suddenly, we come

out on Mirror Lake, a pretty little pool, bordered with plants and flowers, in which is mirrored with great clearness, whatever may be at its edge.

Descending from the Heights, after perhaps an hour among its sylvan lanes, we shall want to see more of the magnificent homes of Redlands. That of Mr. Burrage, of Standard Oil fame, will particularly attract us, while Highland Avenue, with its palms on either side and its palatial homes beyond, again somewhat recalls Magnolia. We learn that the owners of some of these places, wearying of their monotony, often rent them for three months at a time, at a set rental of six hundred dollars a month.

We make our drive include Prospect Park, another private park open to visitors, and noted for its jasmin and roses, which bloom here in April and in May. Then we return to the heart of the city.

ON TO SAN BERNARDINO

EVERYONE who has visited Redlands and Riverside takes in San Bernardino, and so, therefore, do we. We board an electric car, so labeled, and are carried country-ward. Aside, however, from curious pipes, standing erect from the soil, at intervals, for irrigation purposes, and an apiary, there is little to interest us on the ride. In fact, the scenery is not at all unlike that of southern Ohio.

San Bernardino, of which we have heard so much, too, is apt to be a disappointment, coming after such places as we have just been visiting. There are several squares of thriving stores, a fine stone court-house, and, on the outskirts, innumerable pretty homes amid palms

and pepper trees. In short, it is a miniature Redlands, smaller, and not quite so wealthy. We can take supper out here, concluding our meal with grapefruit, at three for a nickel, and then return by electric cars to Colton.

TO LOS ANGELES

VERY early next morning we leave once more by railway for Los Angeles, the terminus of what is so often called "tourist California." Great fields of canaigre (kan'-ager), a plant resembling beet tops or dock, and extensively employed in tanning, makes interesting a rather barren region, after we have passed Bloomington. Then with the barren mountains ever for our background, we enter a famous farming country, centering around Ontario, and threaded with lanes lined by the pepper trees. On the north the San Gabriel Mountains now loom, while in the foreground stretch orange groves and vineyards, some of them three thousand acres in extent. Cars of the Citrus Union rattle past until, by the time we have reached Pomona (Po-mo'-nah), the sight of the fig and walnut and almond orchards is a welcome relief, after the monotony of those endless orange and lemon plantations.

We cross a long bridge over a dry river bed, only to see once again, the results of irrigation, for this bed was once the San Gabriel River, now dry and waterless. Then, when we stop at Lordsburg, some women enter the car, each in low, black bonnets, covered with jet, and accompanied by their husbands, all of whom wear soft, dark hats. These are the Dunkers, who have colonized hereabouts, and, like the Mormons in Utah, caused the land to blossom.

If we were in season for a foot-washing service, we should certainly stop off at Lordsburg to visit the Dunkers (Dun'-kers). This ceremony occurs once a year, and as those of us who may have witnessed it on our **LITTLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE ALLEGHANIES** may recall, is preceded by a Lord's Supper. The entire



STREET IN LOS ANGELES

congregation attend this meal, which is served at one long table in the meeting house. During the supper—a substantial one—the elder or minister reads aloud to his flock. Then tubs are brought in, men and women bare their legs, and each washes the feet of his or her neighbor and dries them, in imitation of Christ's performing this service for the Apostles.

There are other interesting rites observed by the Dunkers. The women, for example, do not wear hats, only the bonnets described. Buttons, too, are tabooed, only hooks and eyes being in use.

Meantime, however, we are passing a point of interest we cannot afford to overlook, the famous San Gabriel Mission. This mission, appearing yellow and ancient among the trees, is one of the few still in actual use. We have just become interested in its history, which dates to the year 1771, when the porter calls "Los Angeles," and the first great half of our Journey is done.

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